No. 114 Oct. '67

MAD

IND

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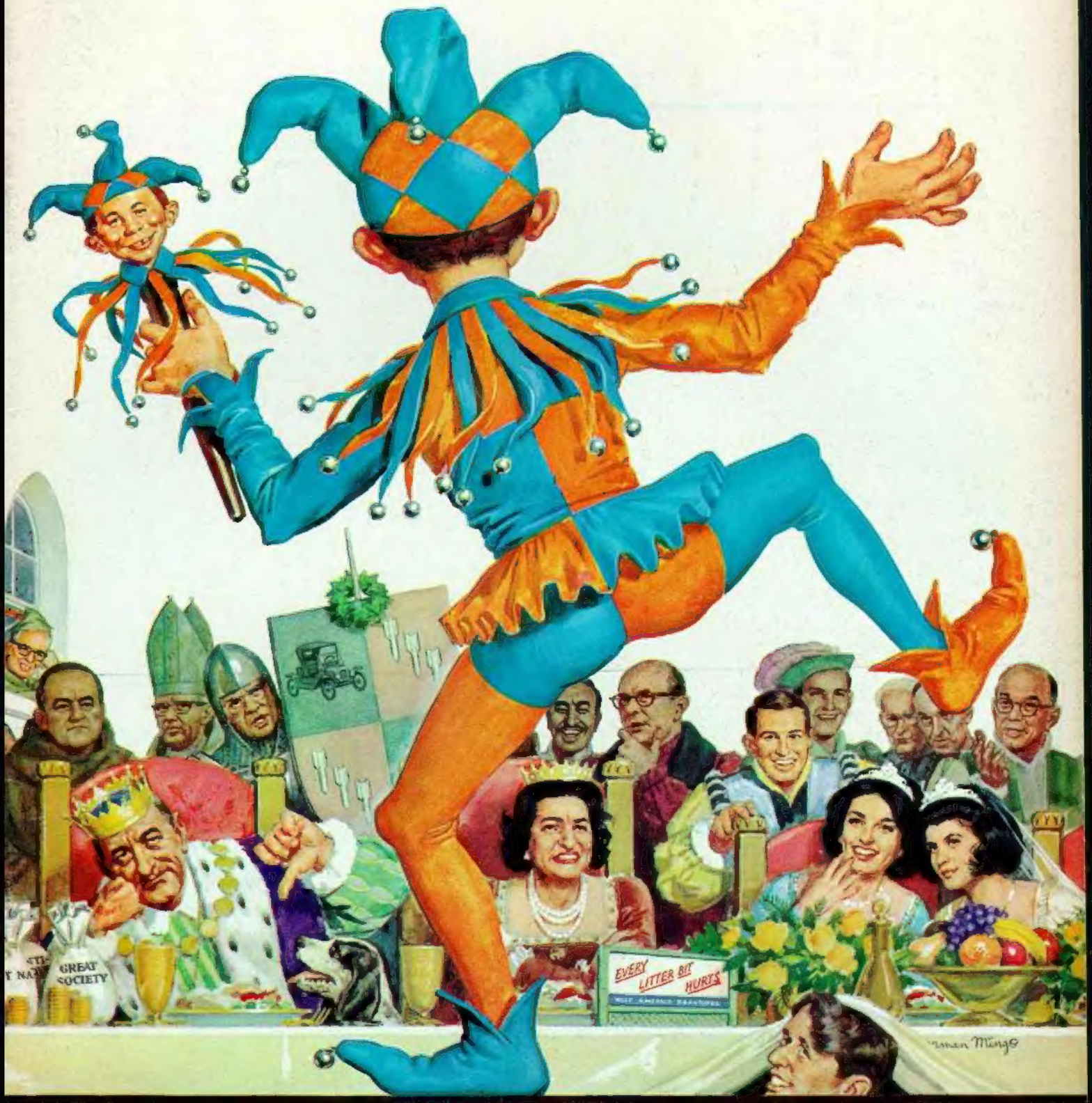

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MORE TRASH FROM MAD

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NUMBER 114 OCTOBER 1967

MAD

"Mothers-In-Law are like seeds—you don't need them, but they come with the tomato!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN, *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—Oct. 1967 Vol. 1, Number 114, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 19 issues $5.00. Outside U.S.A., 19 issues $6.25. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1967 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
Printed in U.S.A.

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    - ☐ Questionable MAD
      - ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out
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      - ☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories
      - ☐ MAD's Captain Klutz
      - ☐ DAVE BERG Looks At The U.S.A.
      - ☐ DAVE BERG Looks At People
      - ☐ The All-New SPY vs. SPY
      - ☐ A MAD Look at Old Movies

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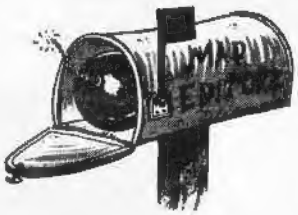
LETTERS DEPT.



ABOUT THE FOLLOWING LETTERS

Every once in a while, we at MAD are amazed. Like when the reader-response to a story is both eagerly "pro"—and at the same time violently "con." We can only conclude that those critics of the article, as is obvious in the letters below, either failed to see our point, or completely mis-read us. Editor

"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—REVISITED"

PRO

"The Ten Commandments Revisited" was a masterpiece. Max Brandel and the MAD staff should be congratulated for boldly preparing and publishing this daring expose of how badly our society has been keeping God's sacred laws.

George Montemorano
Hicksville, L. I.

"The Ten Commandments Revisited" scorchingly criticized the sins and follies of today's society. You have guts, and I appreciate it.

Annette Grubb
Newville, Pa.

You not only showed great wit, but also great wisdom with "The Ten Commandments—Revisited." I wish to commend you.

John C. Wilkerson
Nashville, Tenn.

It took a lot of nerve to print, but it again showed your deep insight into American society. This article was a real masterpiece that should make every American take another look at himself.

Tom Getzen
Carthage College
Kenosha, Wis.

In the six years that I have been reading MAD, I have never had a better opportunity to thank you for so great an article as this one.

Theodore L. Sherlock
Belle Chasse, La.

"The Ten Commandments—Revisited" was excellent. May I have permission to copy it?

Rev. Douglas Beyer
First Baptist Church
Atchison, Kans.

For once, MAD has published more truth than humor, and that is a most refreshing change.

C. J. Buchanan
Hickam A.F.B.
Hawaii

For "Thou Shalt Not Kill," you should have had a picture of the article itself, because I nearly died laughing.

Eliot Khuner
Berkeley, Cal.

CON

Until now, I was sure that MAD was an excellent magazine. However, I cannot excuse you for the ridicule of that which is holy to many millions of people. It is obvious that someone's sense of humor is not a sense of humor at all, but a sense of foolish defacement and destruction.

Michael Meehan
Weehawken, N. J.

Your article on The Ten Commandments was perfectly irritating. Making fun of the Law that God, the Lord Almighty has administered Himself! This is committing blasphemy, an unforgivable sin!

Marc Smircich
Sepulveda, Cal.

I cannot help but take offense at your article, "The Ten Commandments—Revisited." I am disgusted at your gall in printing it. How dare you insult what happens to be the greatest set of laws the world has ever known! Keep on printing such rubbish, and you'll lose all of your readers and your magazine will be censored—mark my words!

Anne Serafin
Grass Lake, Mich.

The Ten Commandments are God's word. They should not be slandered.

Tim Corcoran
Glendora, Cal.

After reading your revolting article, "The Ten Commandments—Revisited," I was thoroughly disgusted and shocked. In the past, MAD was almost funny, but with this article, it became obnoxious.

Norman Watson
Lower Lake, Cal.

After having read "The Ten Commandments—Revisited," I, as a Catholic, am insulted.

Frank Jessa
Glen Rock, N. J.

After my family and I finished vomiting over it, I had the pleasure of ripping the magazine to pieces and throwing it in with the other trash.

Cathy Bennett
Hanover, Pa.

"WHAT IS A FINAL EXAM?"

"What Is A Final Exam" was priceless. A hearty laugh is hard to find around exam time, but thanks to your usual gang of idiots, you've made it a lot easier. You've probably made flunking those exams a lot easier, too. At least it's less painful for clods like me who read your trash instead of studying.

Jack McDonald '70
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

ALL THE WAY WITH JFK

Over the years, I have become a very avid MAD fan. I have spent many pleasant hours reading your humorous publication. As President Kennedy once said: "There are three things in this life which are real: God, Human Folly, and Laughter. The first two are beyond comprehension, so let us do what we can with the third." You certainly are doing what you can with it.

A. B. NeJame, Jr.
Johnson City, N. Y.

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD

MAD and its readers are the only sane and realistic people in the world as we know it today. It's the rest of the world that's "mad" . . . in fact, insane!

Charlie Geisler
Phoenix, Arizona

MAD CLODS

It takes a bunch of clods to produce trash . . . but it takes a bunch of clods with a little genius to produce "good" trash.

Thomas Ineson
San Diego, Cal.

BLANK-LISTED

I just read issue #112, and I simply HAD to make a list of the great articles:

1.
2.
3.
4.

Oh, well . . .

Patrick Bushey
Alpena, Mich.

AN EXCEPTION

I think your magazine is hilarious. In all the issues I have ever read and collected, I have never seen one thing that wasn't funny.

David Hever
Lake Stevens, Wash.

How about this letter?—Ed.

SOIL CONVERSATION

Does a farmer who plants automobile parts harvest a "bumper" crop?

Mike Mallory
No. Miami, Fla.

Only if he uses plenty of Fordilizer!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
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Origami by Baggi

Photography by Irving Schild

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Yep, in our futile attempts to get you clods to order these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid—which are suitable for framing or lining the bottom of hamster cages—we've reached a "Dead End"! So how about getting off yours . . . and mailing 25¢ for one (or 50¢ for 3, or $1.00 for 9) to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

HAIL TO THE CHIEF COPYWRITER DEPT.

Higher taxes? Special surtaxes? Increase the National Debt? It seems to us at MAD that there ought to be other ways for the Government to raise the money to finance our "Great Society" (not to mention unpopular wars!). For

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

FORGET YOUR TROUBLES!

Take

Miltown

(meprobamate)

"Whenever I'm tense—with problems like Vietnam and Bobby Kennedy—I simply reach for my "Miltowns"! In a few minutes, I'm perfectly relaxed! All my troubles are

GOT A HEADACHE?

Bayer works wonders

"And believe me, I got plenty headaches! This "Great Society" program I'm pushing can really

"MY GROUP HAD 38% FEWER CAVITIES!"

CREST TOOTHPASTE WITH FLUORISTAN

With **Crest**

"When the 'Crest' folks asked me to take part in a toothpaste test, I agreed. My group brushed regularly with 'Crest', and Dean Rusk's group used another toothpaste without Fluoristan. After six months, both groups were examined

example, why not turn to the place where fantastic sums of money are spent for advertising testimonials. Mainly, Madison Avenue! We're sure the boys at the Ad Agencies would pour plenty into the Government coffers to have

CONCEIVED BY:
MAX BRANDEL

PHOTOS BY:
U.P.I. &
WORLD WIDE

ON MADISON AVENUE

WHICH HAND HAS THE M&M'S?

M&M Candies melt in your mouth—not in your hand!

"When you like chocolate candies like I do, but you have a tendency to get a little hot under the collar once in a while, you want a chocolate candy that [illegible] hand the minute you grab

"When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer."

"Yep, when the gang gathers down at the Ranch and the Schlitz starts flowing, you can bet we run out fast. And when that happens, I always say, 'When you're out of Schlitz, you're out [illegible]' Then I call the party to a halt and

Schlitz

THE DODGE REBELLION WANTS YOU!

I know I'm not as pretty as that little blonde who used to be in these ads, but the folks over at Chrysler thought I could command a lot more authority. So they asked me to do the pointing and order you to join the Dodge Rebellion.

DODGE

No. 2 says he tries harder!

Than who?

When you've been a "No. 1" for as long as I have, you know a little bit about what it takes to *stay* "No. 1" . . . like experience, and know-how. That's why, when I need a car—which isn't often, since the Government supplies me with all I need—I rent a car from the "No. 1" Rent-A-Car Company—Hertz! Now Hubert . . . he uses Avis, which just goes to show you how much a "No. 2" knows about things. I

Hertz
RENT-A-CAR

Is this the day you finally do something about your weight?

I'll never forget the shock of looking down one day, while delivering a State Of The Union Message to Congress, and noticing that paunch I'd developed. I knew right there and then that I would have to do something about it. And the best way I knew was to go on a Metrecal diet. Unfortunately, I never bothered—what with State Dinners and such. But if you have a weight problem, that's my advice. Don't do as I do—do as I say.

Take METRECAL

As Long As You're Up, Get Me A Grants!

GRANTS
SCOTCH WHISKEY

"Yes, sir—whenever I'm down—and your President is down pretty often these days—the best "pick-me-up" I know is a double shot

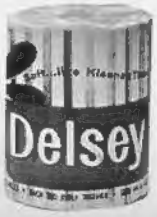
ITCHY SCALP? TIME FOR *Head & Shoulders*

It Works! This Dandruff Shampoo Doesn't Kid Around!

"Take my word for it. You won't see me scratching my head any more, except maybe at a meeting of the Presidential Advisory Committee, because I discovered "Head & Shoulders". It's the

TOILET TISSUE TOO ROUGH?

There's A Definite Difference In Delsey!

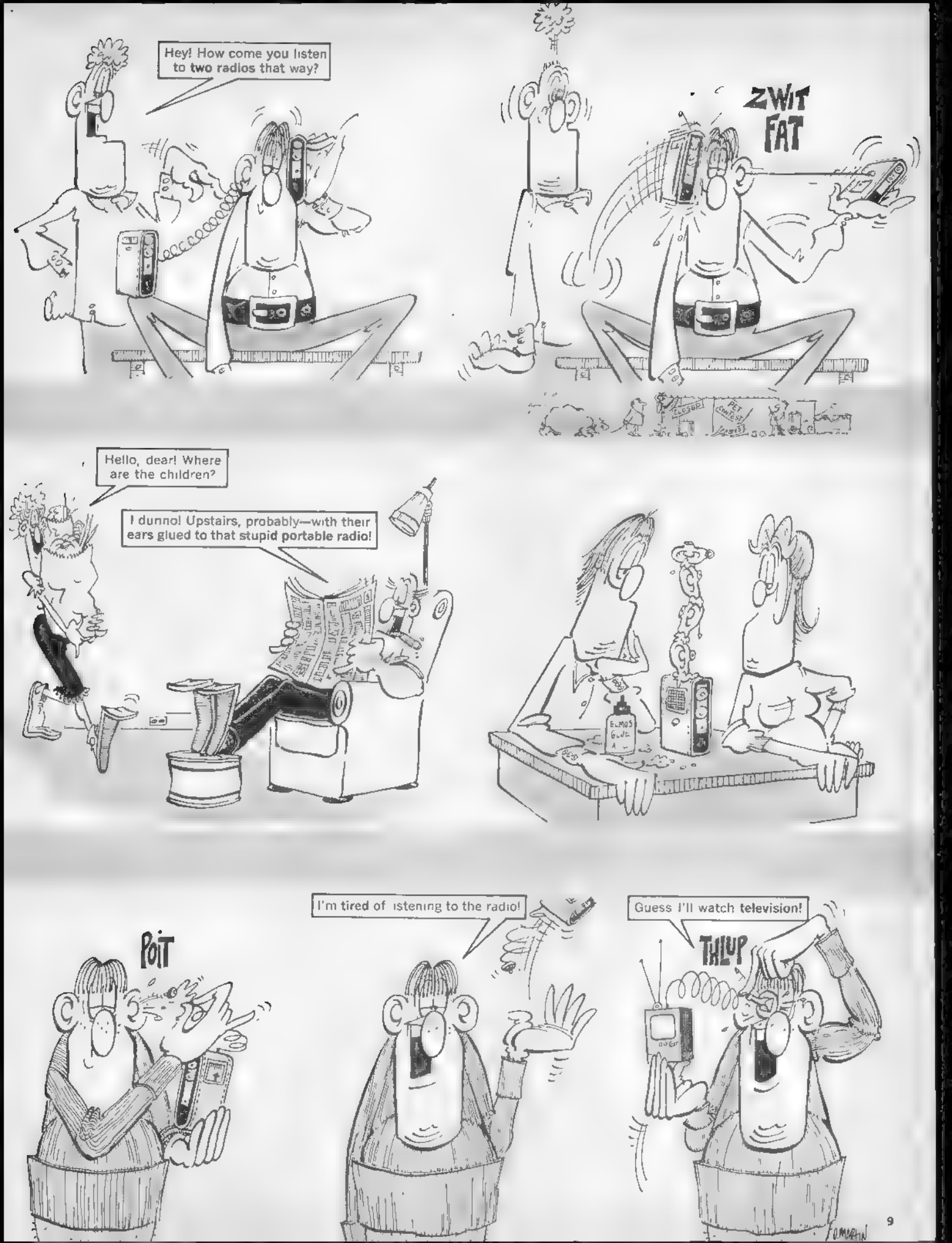


"You can rest assured that the folks who spend the night at the White House are never troubled by rough toilet tissues. That's because all 28 baths are stocked with "Delsey"—the tissue with a definite difference. So be my guest! Go out and

BUY A "BRAND NAME"

...OR I'LL TAN YOUR HIDE!

Don Martin Turns On Portable Radios


Hey! How come you listen to two radios that way?
ZWIT FAT
Hello, dear! Where are the children?
I dunno! Upstairs, probably—with their ears glued to that stupid portable radio!
POIT
I'm tired of listening to the radio!
Guess I'll watch television!
THLUP

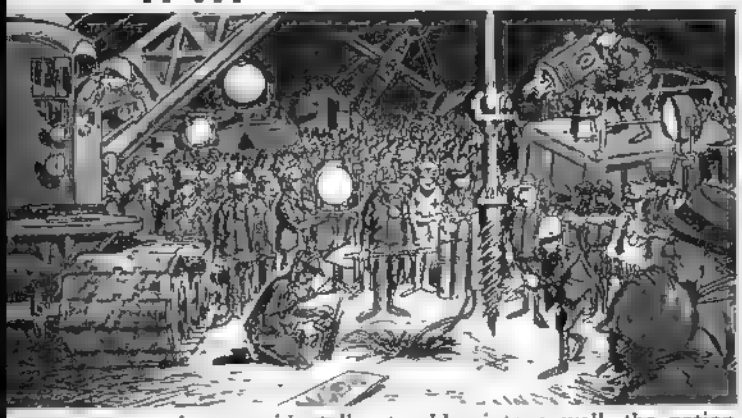
DOUBLE-STANDARD BEARERS DEPT.

If you're an intelligent person, you probably feel that no one can put anything over on you. So how come you're stupid enough

SO HOW

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

IF...



. . . a bum accidentally stumbles into a well, the nation mobilizes all its resources to free him, everyone becomes concerned, and hourly bulletins are issued thru the night.

SO HOW COME...

. . . if the same bum stumbles up to you and pleads for a little thing like a dime for a cup of coffee, you wouldn't even give the right time to the dirty, disgusting old man.

IF...

. . . some poor schnook steals a 25c loaf of bread to feed his starving family, he's referred to as a "Common Thief."

SO HOW COME...

. . . if the same guy takes off for Brazil with a million bucks, he wins our admiration as a "Big Time Swindler."

IF...

. . . an average couple leaves the kids at home to stay up till all hours at a bar, they're called "Irresponsible."

SO HOW COME...

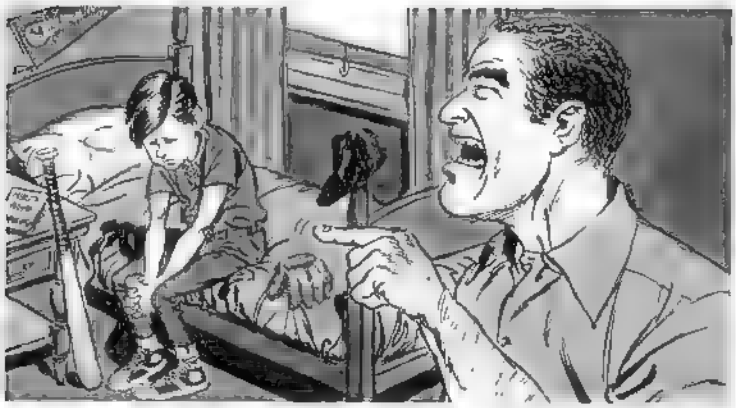
. . . if the same couple is rich and frequents expensive bistros, they're deemed part of "The Cafe Society Set."

to buy MAD? Make sense? Sure it does! And there are lots more examples of this kind of logic all around us. That's why we ask:

COME...?

WRITER: STAN HART

IF...



. . . a kid neglects his scholastic work and can think of nothing else besides playing baseball, his father will get furious with him and call him a "No-good Lazy Bum?"

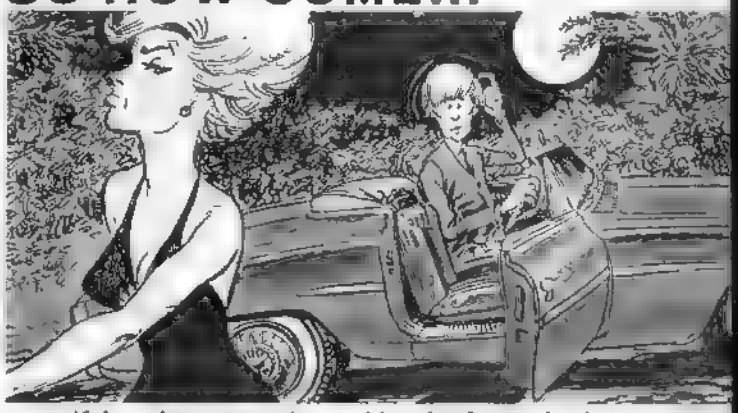
SO HOW COME...

. . . if the same kid grows up and becomes a professional baseball player and does nothing but lay around for six months out of the year, everybody will call him a "Hero."

IF...

. . . a teenage girl is asked out on a date, she'll spend hours before a mirror, desperately trying to look "sexy."

SO HOW COME...



. . . if her date responds to this stimulus and tries to do something about it, she'll become mortally offended.

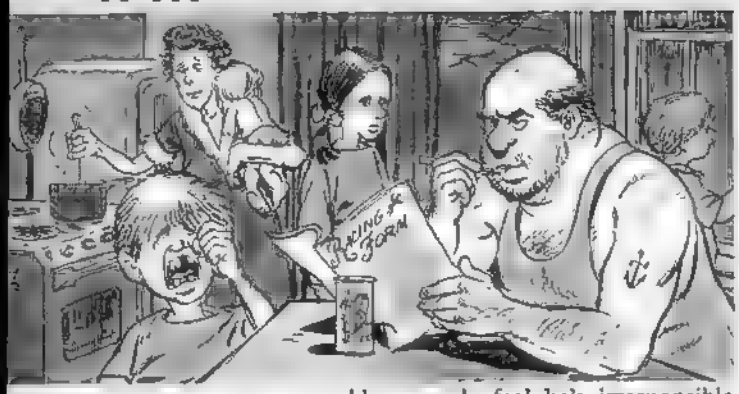
IF...

. . . this country needs to gather important information inside other countries, we employ "Intelligence Agents."

SO HOW COME...

. . . when a foreign power is caught doing the same thing here in this country, we yell that they're using "Spies."

IF...



. . . a poor man gambles, people feel he's irresponsible and has no right to throw away his family's food money.

SO HOW COME...

. . . if the same man wins the Irish Sweepstakes, everyone suddenly loves a "winner"—and he's a National Celebrity.

IF...

. . . a young gal is living at home and her folks ask her to help serve and clear off the dinner dishes, watch out!

SO HOW COME...

. . . if the same gal got a job as an Airline Stewardess, she'd happily do tasks that a galley slave would object to.

IF...

. . . a parent discovers a child settling an argument with a sibling by using his hands, the parent gets very upset.

SO HOW COME...

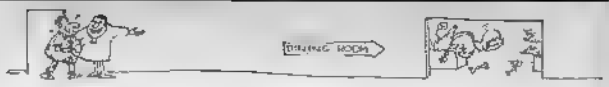
. . . the same parent teaches him a lesson by beating him up while saying: "Don't (*whack*) hit (*whack*) your Sister!"

IF...

. . . some juvenile delinquent steals from a store, we all feel that we should try to understand him, and chalk it up to deprivation, or a broken home, or bad environment.

SO HOW COME...

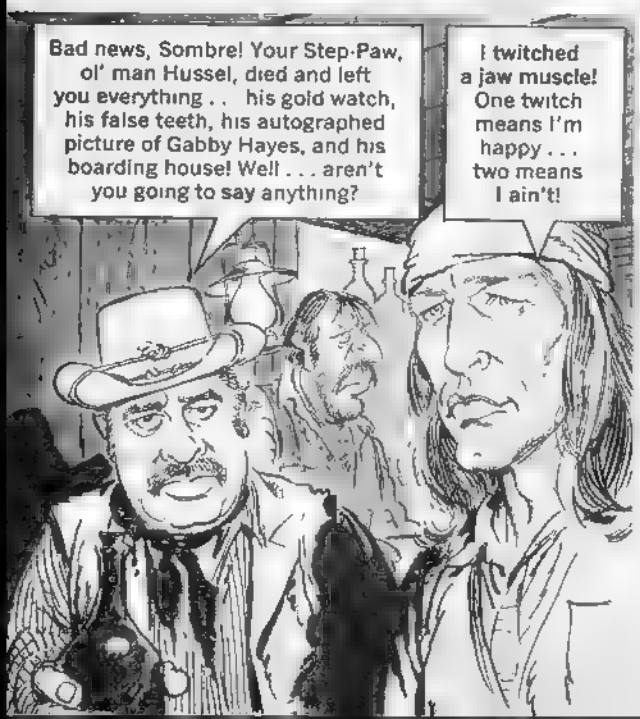
. . . if the very same juvenile delinquent steals from *you*, understanding goes out the window and the only thing *you* feel is that he should be shot or hanged—after torture.

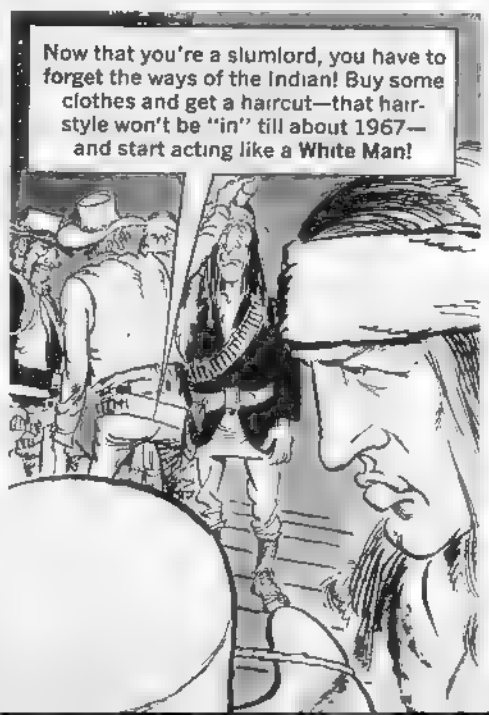


There's something we've noticed about the star of "Hud" and "The Hustler" and "Harper"! He has one facial expression for every emotion he is called upon to portray! And that goes for his work in this latest Western he appears in . . . a MAD version we present to you now. Yesiree, Pall Neuman is . . .

SOMBRE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE





Com'on Honey! All you wanna do is stay in bed all day! Why don't you get up so's we can have some FUN!

Sorry to disturb you constantly arguing kids, but I gotta clean up the place for the new owner. With all this quarreling, why'd you two get married, anyway?

Same reason everybody else does! I wanted someone to talk to— to go hunting with— to fetch my slippers!

You shoulda gotten a dog instead of a woman!

Gee—I never thought of that!

I'm John Hussel— the new owner of this here place!

I'm Emmy Hussie—housekeeper, laundress, cook, gardener and carpenter. That takes care of the mornings! Afternoons, I'm plumber, bookkeeper and maid. Nights, I do what I like!

Do you come with the property?

Is that some kind of a proposition?

No, Lady! I'm selling the place and I figured if I threw you in with the deal, I'd get a few more bucks for the dump!

That's a right nice thing to say, Mr. Hussel, but I won't be staying on. There's only one more Stage leaving town before the Line closes down, and I intend to be on it!

Well, I'm not gonna get stuck here, either! Guess I'll join you!

Hear that, Honey? Hussel's gonna sell the house! And with the Stage Line closing down, I'm gonna be out of work! Reckon we ought to go along with them?

Sure—but not for your reasons! I wouldn't miss the rest of this sexy dialogue for the world!

Pardon me, but I'd like a ticket on the last stage!

Are you "AWOL" or do you have a Dishonorable Discharge?

Neither! I got an Honorable Discharge and I'm goin' back home to marry my sweetheart!

Sorry, Mister, but we don't want your kind on our Stage! We're just carryin' "misfits" on this last run!

CAMBODIA
MALAYSIA
INDONESIA
AND POINTS EAST

My name is Crimes . . . and guess what! I'm gonna take your place on the Stage! Any objections, Sonny?

Hilly Lee—you ain't gonna let that sexy bad man take your seat, are you?

Of course I ain't! Sorry, Mr. Crimes, but you can't have my seat! You can have HERS, though!

Ain't this cozy!?
Honey, it ain't right for you to sit on that bad man's lap! You're my wife!
I don't mind, Sonny!
You don't?! That's right neighborly of you, Mr. Crimes! If she gets too heavy, just let me know!
Allow me to introduce myself! My name is Dr. Henry Flavor! I'm an Indian Agent!
And I'm his wife, Mrs. Henry Flavor! I'm an Indian-Hater!
And I'm John Hussel! I'm an Indian!
I knew it the minute I saw those limpid blue eyes!
Hendez, I'd like a word with you! My wife can't stand having an Indian in the same coach with her! Couldn't Mr. Hussel ride up top with you?
You think because I'm a "wetback", I have no pride? So maybe I'm particular who I ride with, too! He can ride in back!
Let's see—we had 3 bags of water when we stopped at the mine, and now we've only got 2! That means one is missing, right Mr. Hussel?
Sure, kid! Sure! Anything you say, kid!
You're not paying attention! This "water bag bit" is very important! If you don't pay attention, you're gonna be puzzled about it later on —just like the audience out there!
Folks, I got an important announcement to make! Mainly—this is a hold-up! The men pointing guns at you are my friends, and I suggest you do as they say!
Don't be scared, Honey! We'll be all right!
Scared? I was never so thrilled in my life! I'll bet this is the sexiest stage-coach robbery in history!
Now, Mr. Flavor— if you'll kindly hand over the money?
What money are you referring to! I'm just a poor, underpaid Government employee!
The money the Government gave you to feed the Indians with—that you pocketed for yourself and are now running away with, if you must know!
Senor Crimes! I have found eet!
Henry! Do something! That's our life's stealings!!
Now we shoot them, Meester Crimes? So we have no witnesses?
That's too simple! If we did that now, we'd have no movie! No, we leave them out here to starve, and complicate things by taking a hostage—yum-yum!

Me! Take ME, sexy bad man!

Isn't my wife brave! Imagine, volunteering to go along as a hostage!

Sorry, I prefer a more mature hostage! Let's go, Mrs. Flavor!

Hey, don't I know those limpid blue eyes from somewhere?

You should! I did you a good turn! I straightened your crooked teeth with my rifle butt! Now I'm gonna do you another good turn!

I'm gonna air-condition your belly so's you'll be more comfortable in the hot desert sun . . .

BLAM BLAM

Look! Mr. Hussel is taking off!

Just like an Indian! You can never depend on them! And crooked! Why, he's stealing my stolen money!

Maybe we hurt his feelings by making him ride in back of the coach!

You're right! Hold on a minute, Hussel! Just to show you how Liberal we are, we'll not only let you walk with us—you can even walk in front!

All right!

That's "All right, SIR"!

We wait here, and when Crimes and his men come, we kill them!

Why do we have to kill them?

So they won't kill us first! Boy, you White Men are stupid!

Hoo-hah! Nice shooting, Meester! I teenk you heet me! Either that, or I grew an extra belly-button!

Hee-hee! We make a trade, eh, Meester? You geeve us zee water—hee-hee—and ze money, and we geeve you back Mrs. Flavor!

No deal! We got two women already! Besides what are you laughing at? You got two bullets in you!

Ha-ha! I know! But one of them hit my funnybone!

Sorry, my friends, but with Sombre away, I must seize this chance to take the water and re-steal the money which he stole from me which I stole in the first place . .

I figured you'd try this, Flavor! I have no choice but to re-re-steal the money you just re-stole which I stole from you which you stole in the first place!

I got lost somewhere, but I figure it all means you're an Indian-Giver!

Right! And now, get lost for real! Take off into that desert!

Sombre, you sent Flavor off into the desert with no water—then forced us to cross it at night and hide in this old mine shack! How much longer must we stay here?

Till Crimes and his men pass us by!

Look, it's Dr. Flavor! He made it across the desert by himself!

Don't make a sound! There comes Crimes over the hill!

How can you be so cruel? Just because Dr. Flavor tried to take our water and leave us to die is no reason why we shouldn't risk our lives to try to help him now!

Yoo-Hoo! Dr. Flavor! If you're thirsty, there's a water bag hanging in the mine!

I said it before and I'll say it again! White Men are stupid!

Water bag in the mine shaft? How'd it get there?

See, I told you to pay attention when I explained it all!

Thank you, my friends! While struggling over the desert, I realized how much I missed you all, especially Sombre!

So you finally realized that a man's skin-color is no measure of the man himself?

No, I realized that a man's skin-color doesn't matter if that man is carrying saddle-bags of money! Green is the color I'm most concerned with!

Now we're really in trouble! Crimes just sent one of his men up the hill behind us—and the Mexican is tying Mrs. Flavor out in the hot sun!

Sombre, are you just going to sit by that window and watch her die?

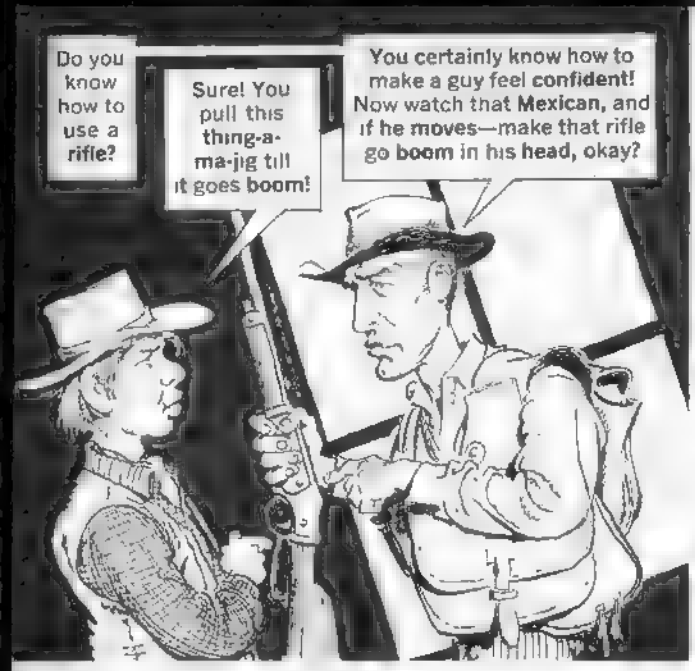
You want to go down and rescue her?

Of course not! But since she's my wife, I feel I have the right to at least have the window seat to watch her die!

Sombre, has it ever occurred to you that you were cold-hearted in "Hud", "The Hustler" and "Harper" and THAT may be why you never won an "Oscar"? Why not do a complete, improbable about-face here and become a warm-hearted nice guy?

You know, it may work! Here, kid—give this money to the Indians it was stolen from!

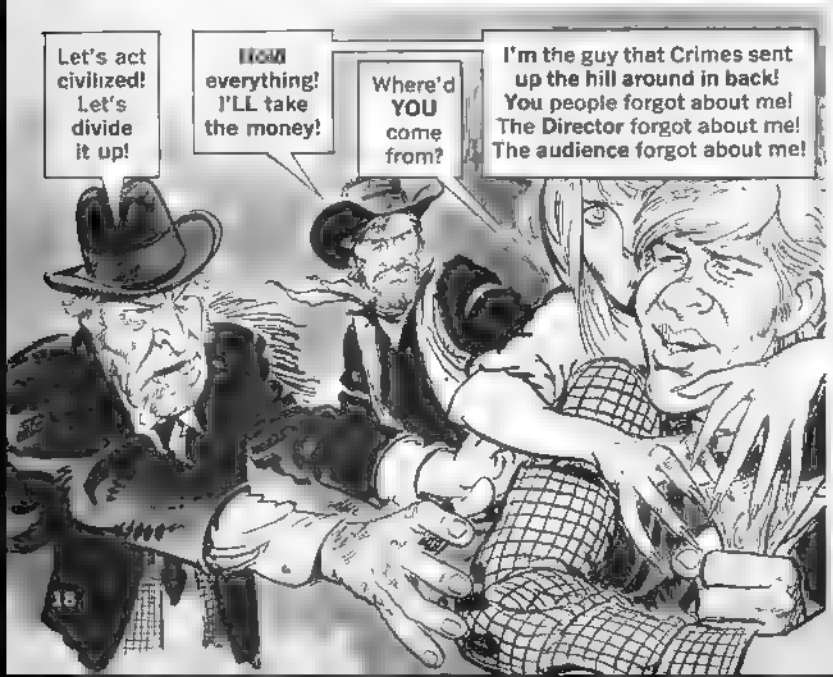
Better hurry, Sombre! My wife's turning into a "Red-Skin"!

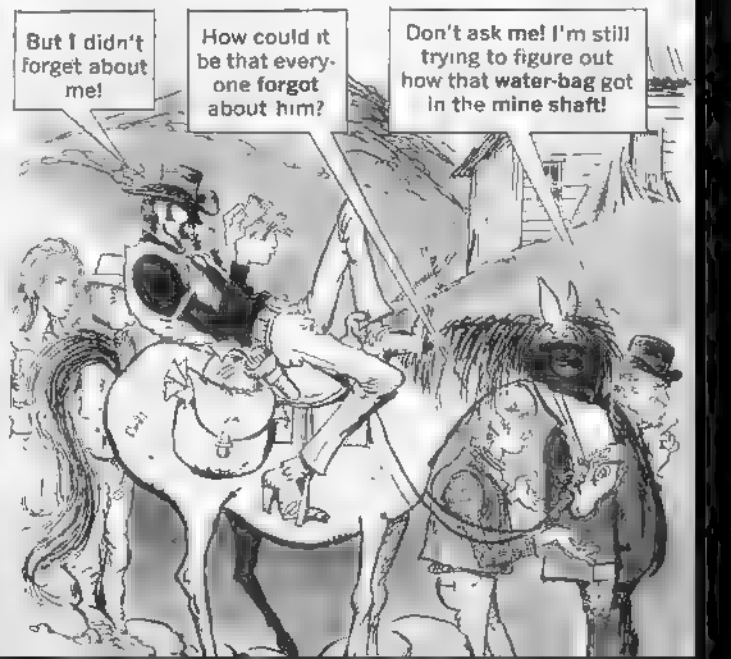

Do you know how to use a rifle?
Sure! You pull this thing-a-ma-jig till it goes boom!
You certainly know how to make a guy feel confident! Now watch that Mexican, and if he moves—make that rifle go boom in his head, okay?

Okay, Crimes! There are the saddle-bags! I'm cutting Mrs. Flavor free . . .
Why, you dirty double-crosser! These saddle bags are empty! What some guys won't do to win an "Oscar"!
Ha-ha! I'm laughing myself to one, also!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM

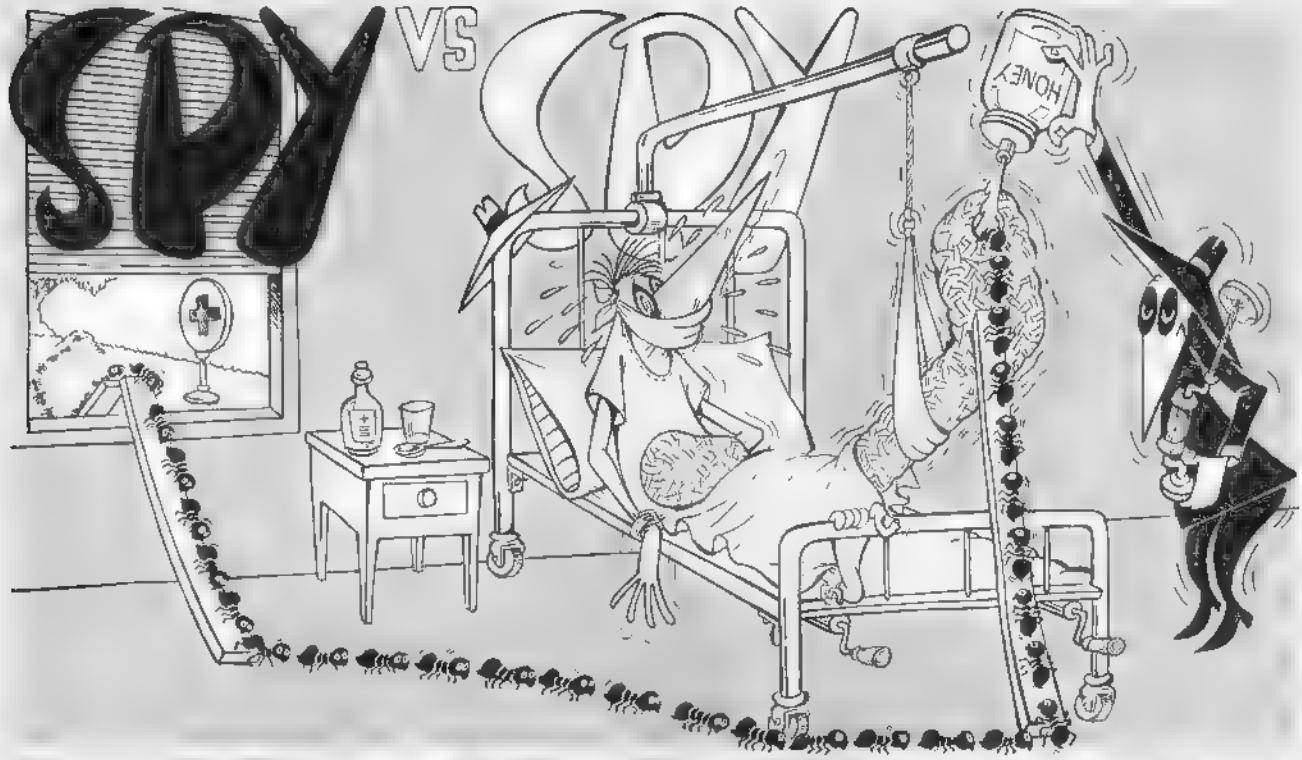
He's dead!
How can you tell?
He's not moving!
That don't mean anything! He ain't hardly moved this whole picture!
What was hees name?
Sombre! Why do you ask?
When a man ees dying, he always asks trivial questions! Ha-ha-ha!

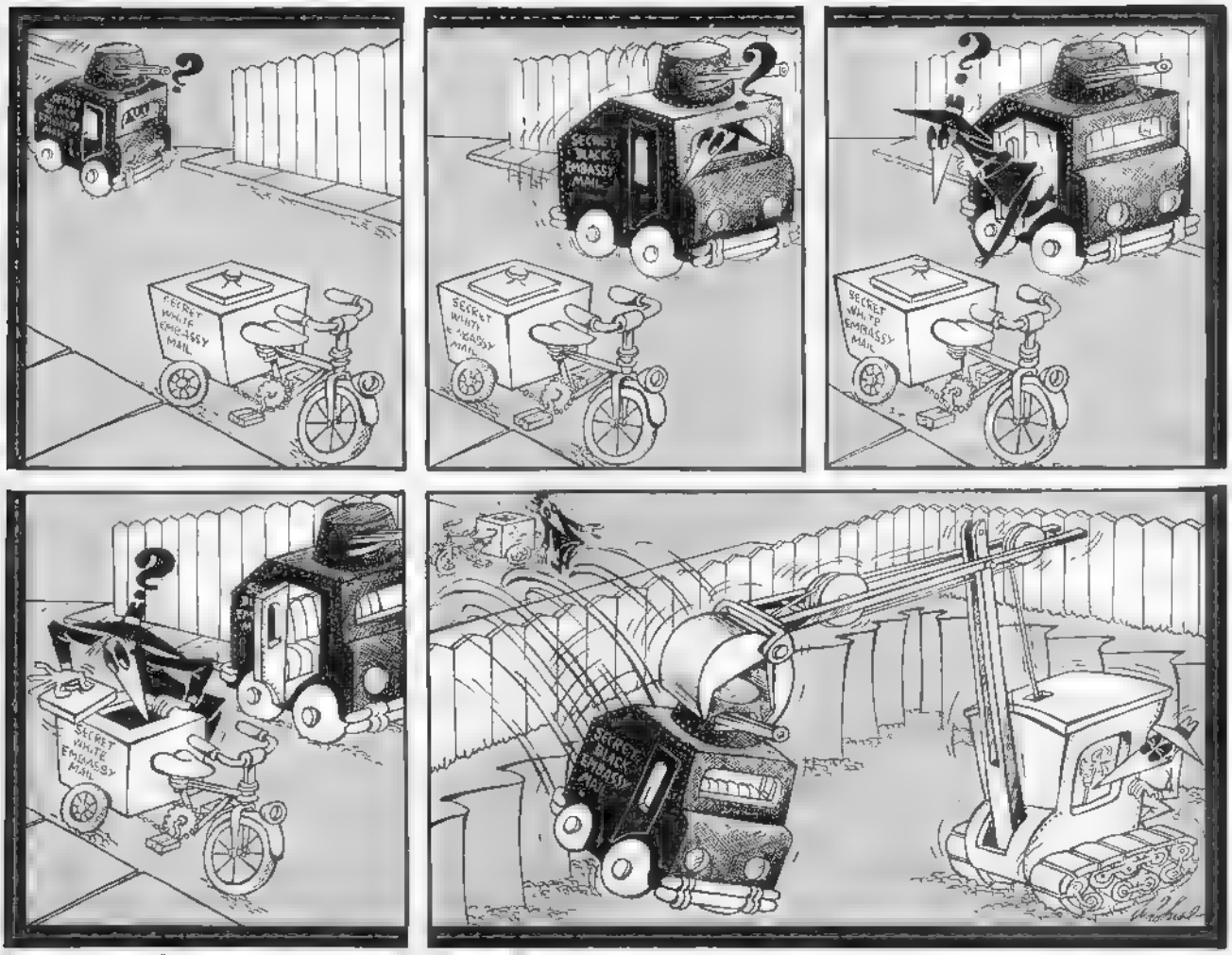
I'll take back my money now!
No—I said I'd give it to the Indians!
They'd just waste it on food and clothing!


Let's act civilized! Let's divide it up!
[illegible] everything! I'LL take the money!
Where'd YOU come from?
I'm the guy that Crimes sent up the hill around in back! You people forgot about me! The Director forgot about me! The audience forgot about me!


But I didn't forget about me!
How could it be that everyone forgot about him?
Don't ask me! I'm still trying to figure out how that water-bag got in the mine shaft!

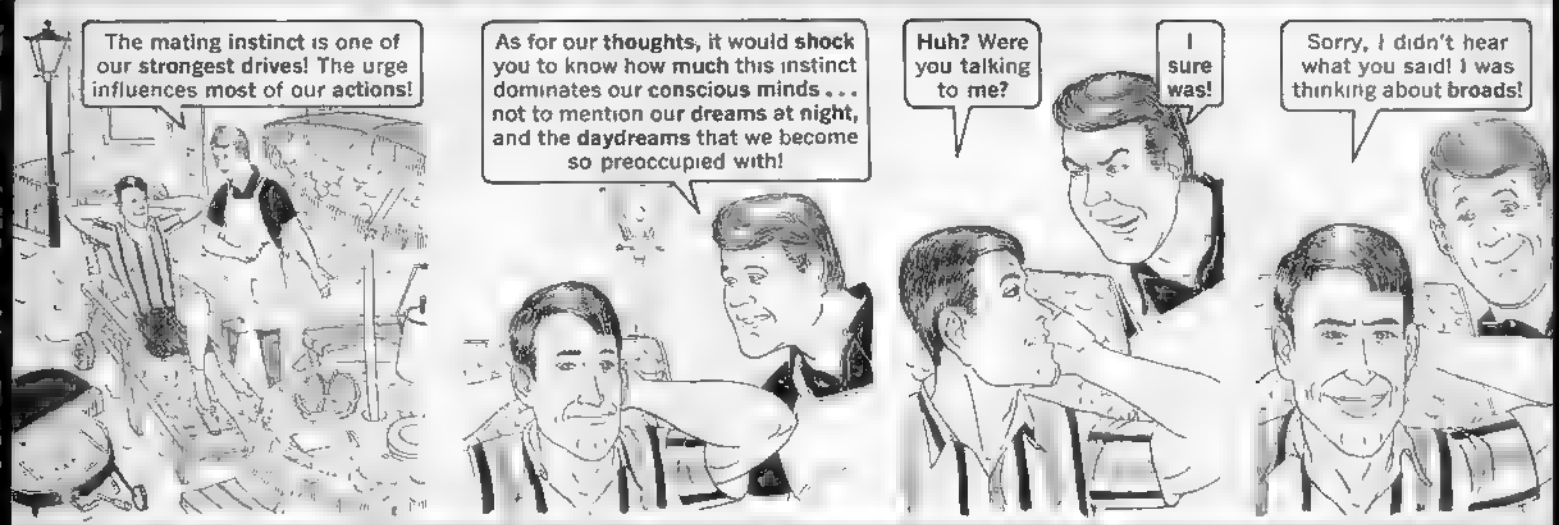
JOKE & DAGGER DEPT. PART I





BERG'S EYE-VIEW DEPT.

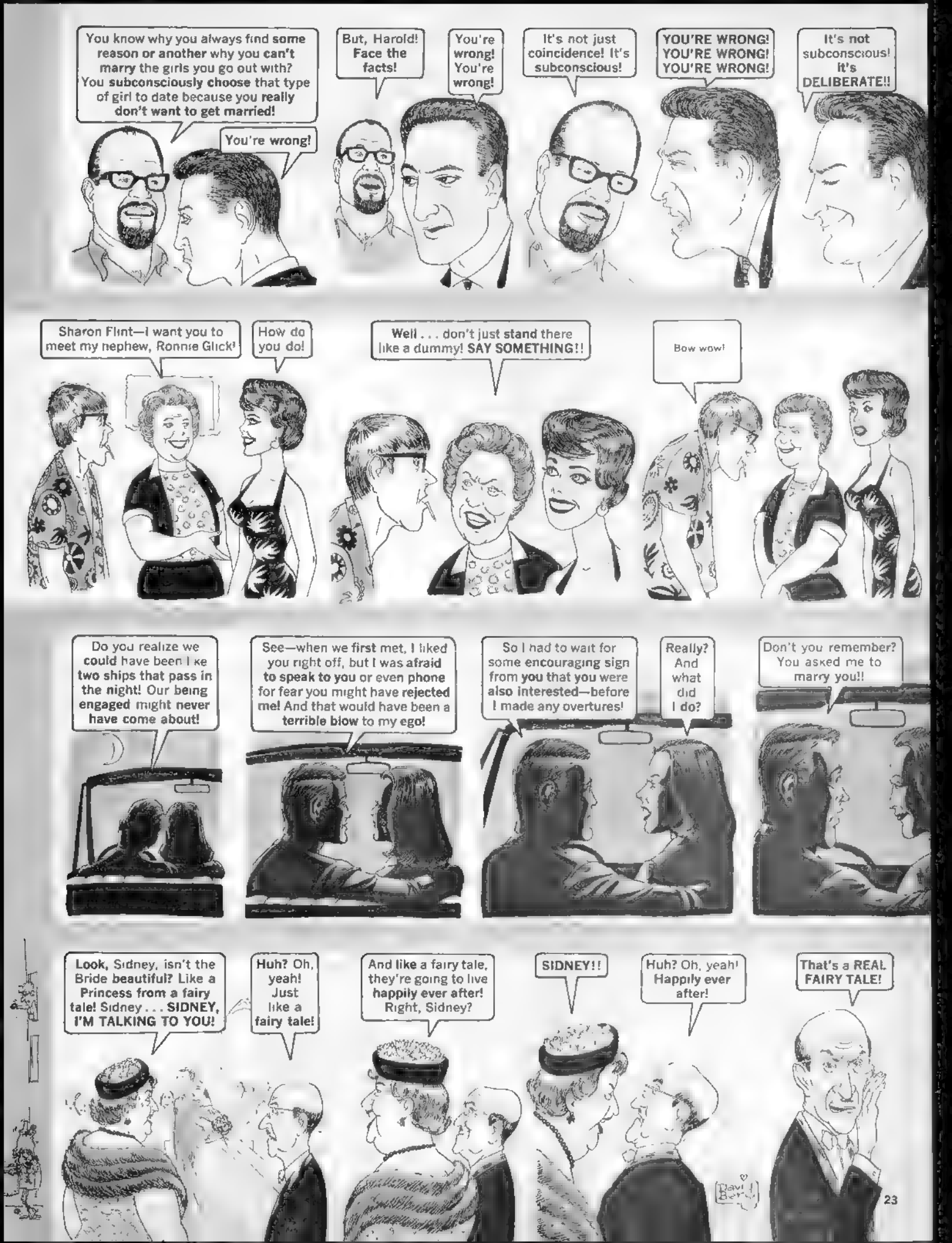
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... THE



MATING GAME

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

Look, he's a nice boy! He makes a nice living! And besides, you don't have that many chances! You can't afford to be choosey! So for goodness sake, don't louse it up!
Don't let him know you're more intelligent than he is, so don't talk too much! And don't show him that you're a better athlete by beating him at bowling!
What I'm trying to tell you is: Don't let him know you're SUPERIOR to him!
There's plenty of time for that AFTER you're married!
Ronny, have I got a girl for you! This is going to be the greatest favor I ever did for you!
Do me a favor, Aunt Ellen, and don't do me any favors! Everybody's trying to match me up, and the girl always turns out to be a DOG!
To you, every girl is a dog! Maybe to a girl, you're a dog by comparison!
Listen, any girl that has to be matched has got to be a DOG!
Shhh! Don't talk so loud! She's in the next room!
WHAT!? You got the dog HERE!? Aunt Ellen, this is a dirty trick!
Don't you notice anything different about me?
Er—let's see! The dress I've seen before! And the hair style's the same!
Are you blind or something?
Why are you waving your hand in front of me?
You're the fifth person today that didn't notice I got an engagement ring last night!
Oh! Gee! Sorry! Congratulations!
What's the use of getting engaged if nobody even notices it!
Mother—Daddy—Milton and I are getting married!
YOU'RE WHAT!? Just like that, you're GETTING MARRIED! What about this big hulk here? This what's-his-name? How do you know I even approve of this bum?
Remember me? I'm your Father! I raised you—clothed you—fed you! Now, out of the blue, you suddenly tell me you're getting married? You think I'm going to turn over something so precious to a complete stranger?
And YOU, stranger! Don't you have the common decency to ask a father for permission to marry his daughter?
I—I'm—I'm sorry, sir! I—er—ah—may I marry your daughter?
TAKE HER! TAKE HER AND GOOD RIDDANCE!


You know why you always find some reason or another why you can't marry the girls you go out with? You subconsciously choose that type of girl to date because you really don't want to get married!
You're wrong!
But, Harold! Face the facts!
You're wrong! You're wrong!
It's not just coincidence! It's subconscious!
YOU'RE WRONG! YOU'RE WRONG! YOU'RE WRONG!
It's not subconscious! It's DELIBERATE!!
Sharon Flint—I want you to meet my nephew, Ronnie Glick!
How do you do!
Well . . . don't just stand there like a dummy! SAY SOMETHING!!
Bow wow!
Do you realize we could have been like two ships that pass in the night! Our being engaged might never have come about!
See—when we first met, I liked you right off, but I was afraid to speak to you or even phone for fear you might have rejected me! And that would have been a terrible blow to my ego!
So I had to wait for some encouraging sign from you that you were also interested—before I made any overtures!
Really? And what did I do?
Don't you remember? You asked me to marry you!!
Look, Sidney, isn't the Bride beautiful? Like a Princess from a fairy tale! Sidney . . . SIDNEY, I'M TALKING TO YOU!
Huh? Oh, yeah! Just like a fairy tale!
And like a fairy tale, they're going to live happily ever after! Right, Sidney?
SIDNEY!!
Huh? Oh, yeah! Happily ever after!
That's a REAL FAIRY TALE!
David Berg

TEE-OLOGY DEPT.

There seems to be a new "Religion" currently attracting great masses of followers across our land. Many sheep are straying from the folds of Protestantism, Catholicism and Judaism to become devotees of this movement called "Dufferism". At least,

A Psalm For A S

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

The Pro is my Shepherd,
I shall not Slice.

He maketh me to Drive Straight
down Green Fairways,

He leadeth me Safely
across Still Water-Hazards,

He restoreth my Approach Shots.

He leadeth me in the Paths of
Accuracy for my Game's Sake.

Yea, though I chip through the Roughs
in the shadows of Sand Traps,
I will fear no Bogies.

that is how it must appear to all the discouraged Ministers, Priests and Rabbis who look out over their congregations on Sabbath mornings and see so many of the men missing. And so, until these Prodigal Sons return, MAD snidely offers them:

abbath Morning

WRITER: WILLIAM GARVIN

For his Advice is with me;

His Putter and Irons,
they comfort me.

He prepareth a Strategy for me
in the presence of mine Opponents,

He anointeth my head with Confidence:
The Cup will not be runneth over!

Surely Birdies and Eagles shall follow
me all the Rounds of my Life,

And I will score in the Low Eighties—

Forever!

5-STAR FINAL INDIGNITY DEPT.

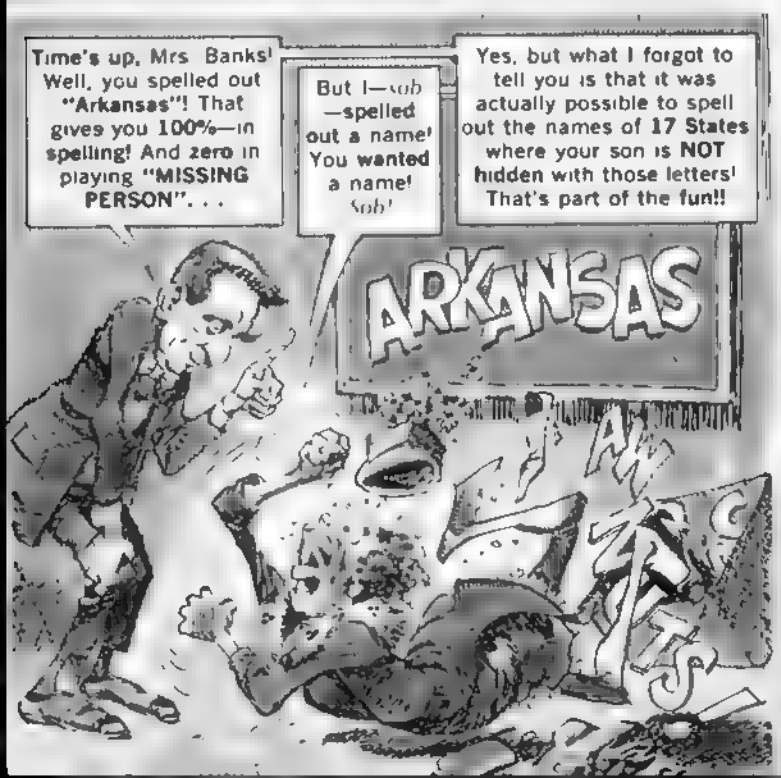
Have you ever wondered how TV producers dream up those ridiculous Daytime TV Game Shows? You haven't? Well, in that case, go on to the next article—and next time, don't be so smart! But for those of you who have wondered, it's really not difficult! All they do is take simple, everyday incidents, and build them into games. F'rinstance, some TV Producer probably tried to guess how much his wife spent

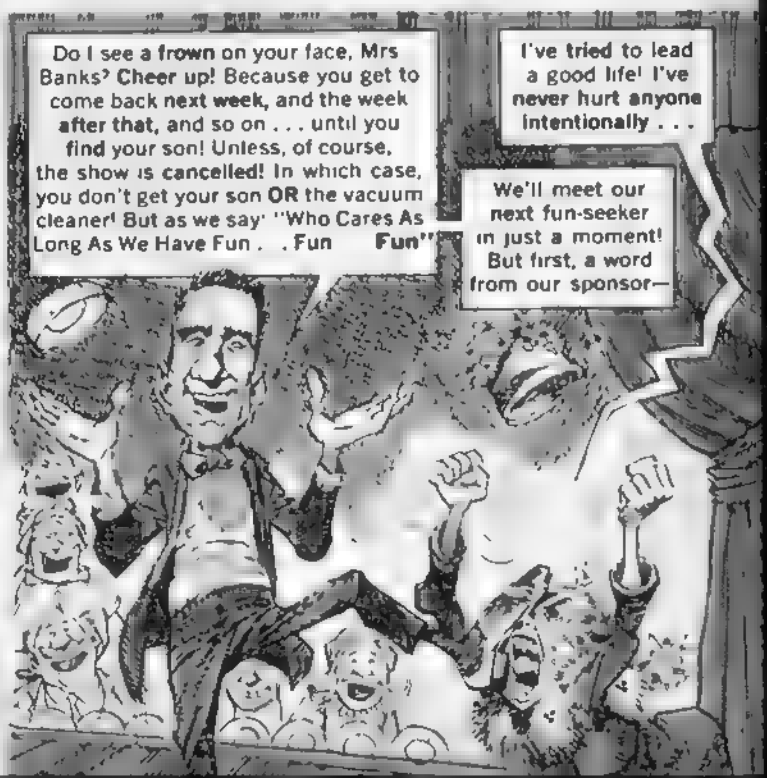
TV GAME SHOWS BASED ON

on a new hat, and it gave him the idea for "The Price Is Right". And some other TV producer's wife probably tried to question him on where he was all night, and it gave him the idea for "I've Got A Secret". It's that easy! Why, you could probably take a simple incident as reported in any Daily Newspaper, and build a Game Show out of it! What? You don't believe us?! Okay, here, then, are some . . .

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





MAN FALLS IN NEIGHBOR'S HOME—SUES FOR $100,000

Hi, folks, and welcome to "SO SUE ME"—the show where you can win a fortune, or lose your life's savings. I'm your fun-master, Art Lunkhead . . and our first contestant is Mr. Perry Schmeerer—a house painter—who, at this very moment, is on a job in a three-room apartment in Brooklyn .

Hi, Mr. Schmeerer! How are you feeling?

Just fine and dandy, Art!

Well, we certainly hope that won't last long! For the only way to win on "SO SUE ME" is to be hurt! Now, Mr. Schmeerer—at the sound of the bell you'll have one minute to try to injure yourself—which will earn you the right to sue for up to ONE MILLION DOLLARS! Ready? Okay . . . GO!!

He did it! He injured himself! Thank God!!

And it looks like a really good fall, Mr. Schmeerer! I can see blood and everything!

Well . . . how do you feel now, Mr. Patsy!

Terrible! What am I going to do?

Tell him, Audience . . .

YOU'RE GOING TO BE SUED!

DIVORCE RATE ON THE RISE

Hi, folks, and welcome to "LET'S GET IT OVER WITH"—the show where each week, a wonderful wedded couple—a couple like you—gets a divorce!

And now, let's meet that lovely couple! On my left—our lovely housewife, Mrs. Jane Webster . . .

Hi, there! I'm so glad to be here!

And on my right, our lovely husb—Er—Where's MISTER Webster?

You didn't expect that no good bum to be on time, did you? He was on time for our wedding—and he's been late for everything else since!

Sorry [illegible] I'm late—[illegible]—but "Charge-Account-Jane" over there has been running up so many bills I'm presently holding down three full-time jobs!

Big deal! You still do nothing from Midnight till 4 A.M.! And how about Sundays, when you sleep till 6 A.M.! If you really loved me—

Can I hit her? Just once! In front of the TV cameras—so her mother can see!?

You two just relax, because we're ready to play "LET'S GET IT OVER WITH"! Now let's bring on the "Wheel Of Fortune"!

C'mon, Perry! Break a leg! If you love me and the kids, you'll break a leg! Break BOTH if you can, Sweetheart!

While we're waiting, folks—meet Mr. Irving Patsy! It's Mr. Patsy's apartment that Mr. Schmeerer is working in, so you can understand why he's so nervous! Eh, Mr. Patsy?

Ten seconds, Mr. Schmeerer! Time is running out—and you don't seem injured yet!

How come you can't get up in the morning without breaking something and now you can't even hurt yourself, you big id ot!?

I'm trying, Helen dear! I'm try y—I I-ING G G G GHH!

Right! And now, it's time to meet tonight's "Celebrity Judge"—the Honorable Marvin Politico! Judge

Hi, Art! Hi, folks! Hi, Mr. Schmeerer! If you're ready . . . tell me, HOW MUCH ARE YOU SUING FOR?

$50,000 Judge!

Make it $100,000!

Okay! I'll take a chance! ONE MILLION DOLLARS!!

Higher! Higher!

Higher! Higher!

FREEZE!!

Boy, this certainly is exciting—eh, folks? And now, while we're waiting to learn if Mr. Patsy is ruined for life, or even longer, as Judge Politico gets set to pick Mr. Schmeerer's actual award from the Jury Award Bowl . . . here is a word from our sponsor . . .

You will notice that our "Wheel Of Fortune" is marked "HIS" and "HERS"! Now, I'll give it a spin, and in a minute, we'll see which one of you two gets to keep the house, the car, the bonds, and the kids! Ready . . . ?

It's stopping! It's—His! Hers! His! Hers! His . . . Hers Well, look at that! A million-to-one-shot! It stopped on "CHARITY"!

Too bad, folks! That's the story! Everything you own, including the kids, goes to Charity!

But that's the chance you take when you play "LET'S GET IT OVER WITH"! Remember, each couple gets a film of the show with the other party's picture blacked out! And now, let's meet our next wonderful wedded pair—

SENATE COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE WASTE IN GOVERNMENT SPENDING

Hi, folks! I'm **Gene Slowburn**, and this is **"SPEND MONEY LIKE THE GOVERNMENT"**, the fun-fun game where you get to spend money just like the Government! In other words, it's a game of **stupid judgement, poor figuring, and outright corruption!**

There's our panel of off-the-street contestants—and here's the **first item** we're asking them to bid on . . .

It's a Tent! It's made of **inferior material**—it's **too** short to sleep anyone over **4 9"** -and the manufacturer wants **$50 apiece for them.** Okay—bids are now open! Remember, you're the **Government** bidding . . .

I'll pay **$60** apiece for them!

I'll pay **$80**—and I'll take **a million more than I need!**

I'll pay the manufacturer **$100 apiece . . . NOT TO MAKE THEM AT ALL!**

YAY! CLAP CLAP CLAP TWEET

Mr. Wilson, you win our first round in **a brilliant strategic move!** Defense parity! Say, you're **not with the Government, are you?**

No . I just read the papers!

All right, here's our **second item . . . a Military Tank!** It's **precision built in every way,** except for **two minor imperfections:** The designer forgot to include a way to get into the Tank, and the two treads that move it go in opposite directions, which only lets the Tank move in **a wide circle!**

A Tank of this size should cost about **$85,000**—but you're the **Government,** so bidding is open—

I'll pay **$100,000** each for them!

$150,000 each—and I'll want them stored where they'll get **rusty** before they're **even used once!**

Excellent, Mrs Robbins! Mr. Wilson, you're going to have to **beat** that bid to **remain our "Champ"** . . .

I'll bid **$200,000** each for a **million** of them to be **sold immediately upon delivery as Surplus Property** for **TEN DOLLARS each!**

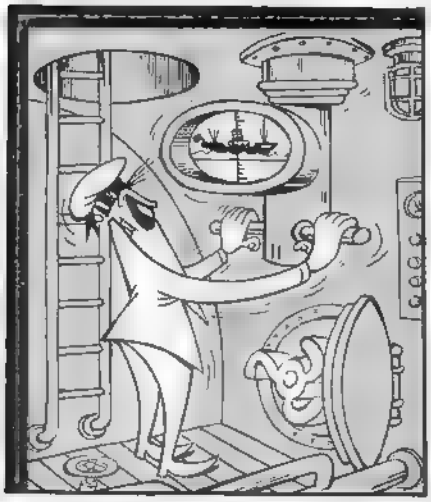
MONEY

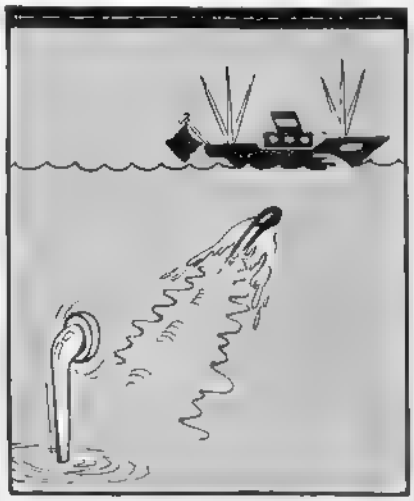
YAY CLAP CLAP TWEET

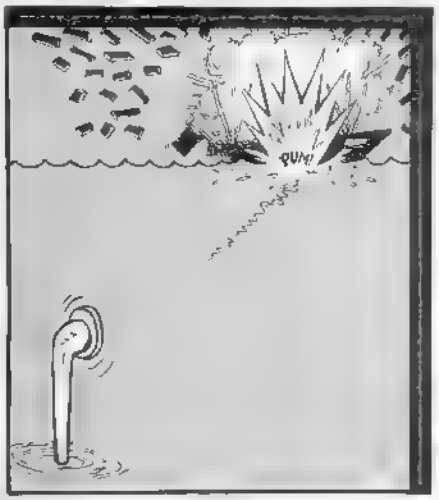
Wonderful! Marvelous! You **win again,** Mr. Wilson! I'm sure that if anyone in **Washington** is **watching,** you're going to have a **job-offer** in **Government Purchasing** before long!

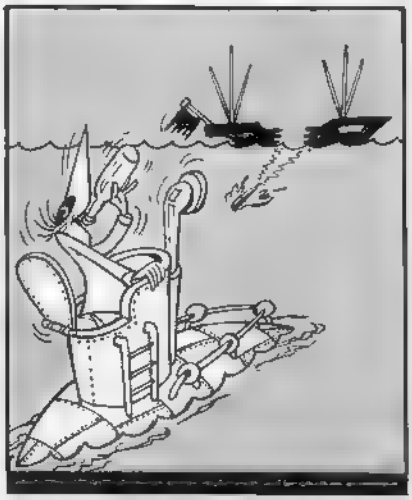
We'll be back to the stupid bidding in a moment! But first a word—

SPY VS SPY



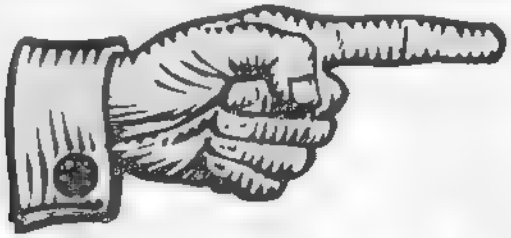




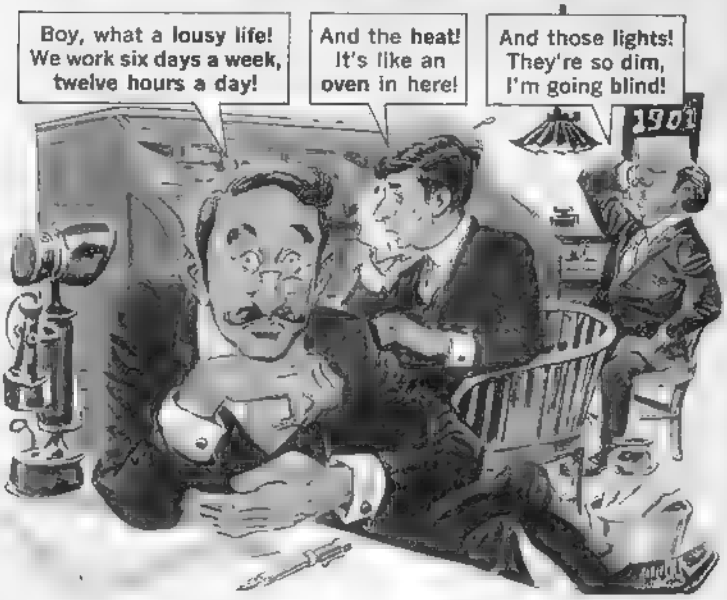


TOMORROW'S MOURNING DEPT.

There's an old saying: "Give a man an inch, and he wants a foot; give a man a foot, and he wants a yard; give a man a yard, and he wants a swimming pool installed in it!"* (*This old saying copyright 1966 by MAD.) In other words, what we're driving at is this: No matter how much we get, it's only a matter of time before it's not enough!

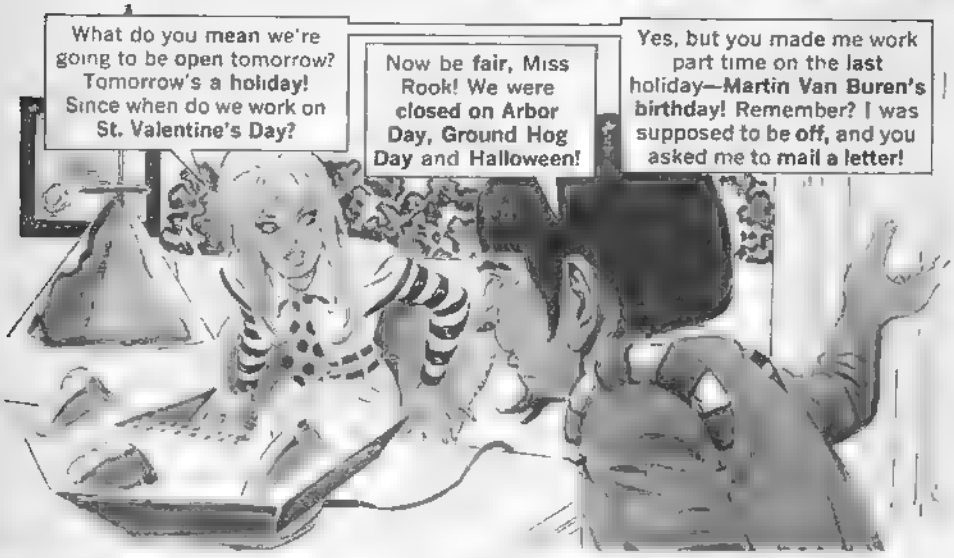


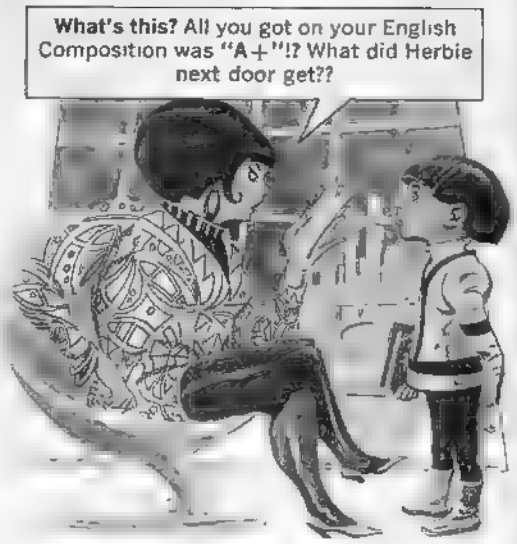
For example, years ago this was a typical conversation in a typical business office:

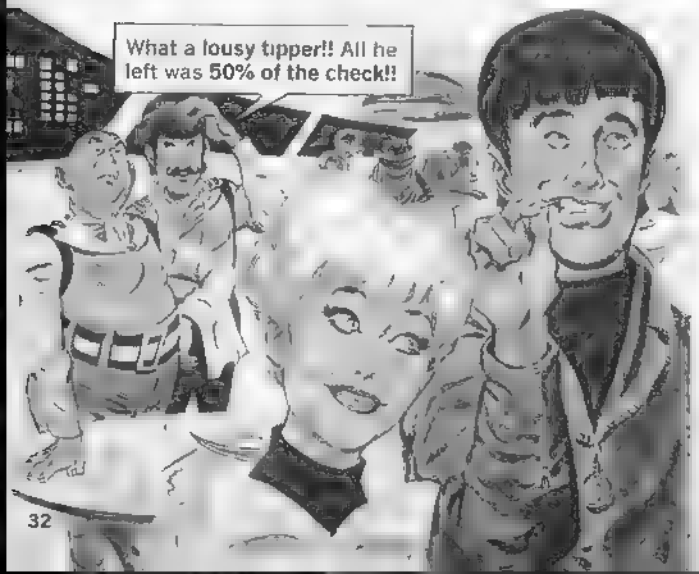


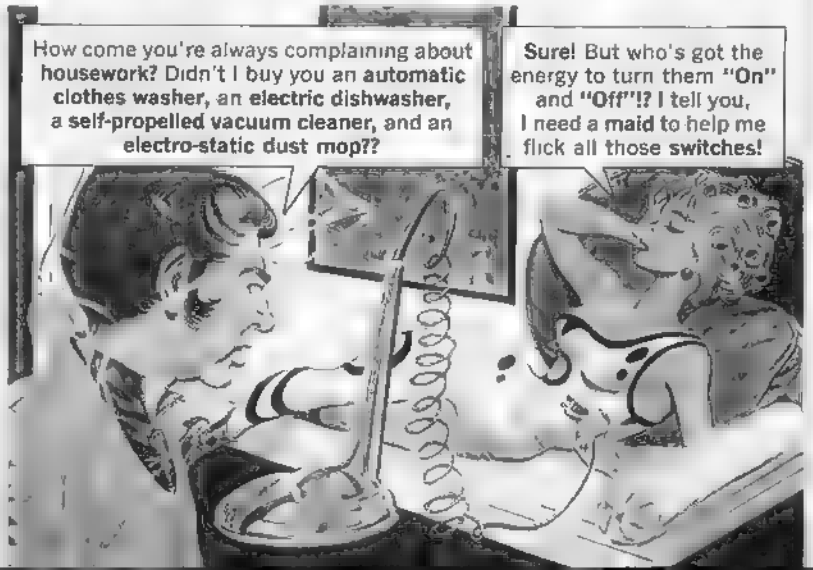
Yes, we think that no matter how good things get, people will still complain. So let's listen to some of these . . .

FUTURE C

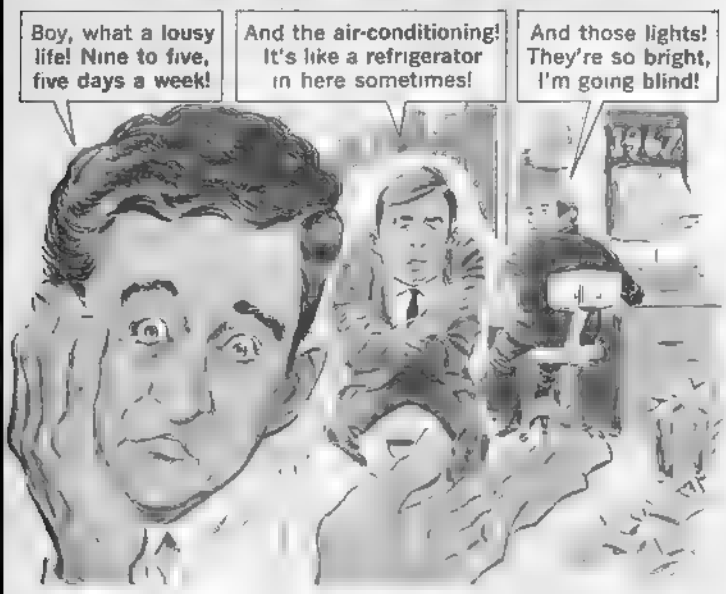




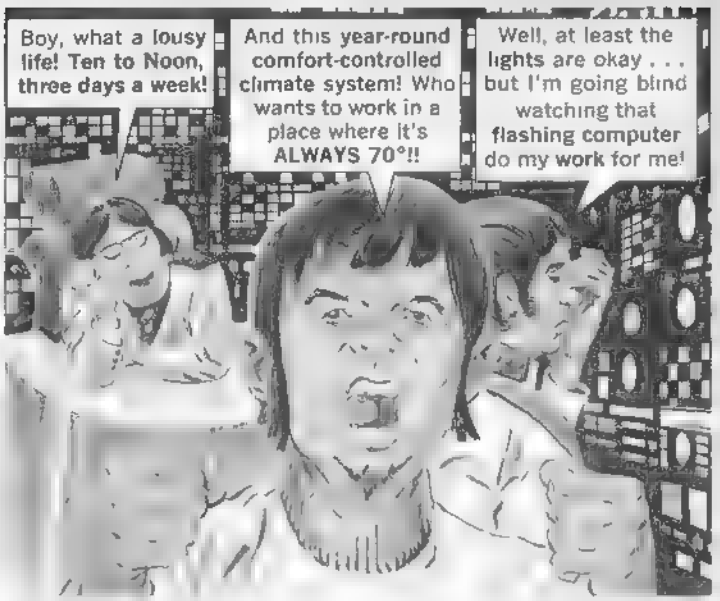




But now, years later, things have changed:



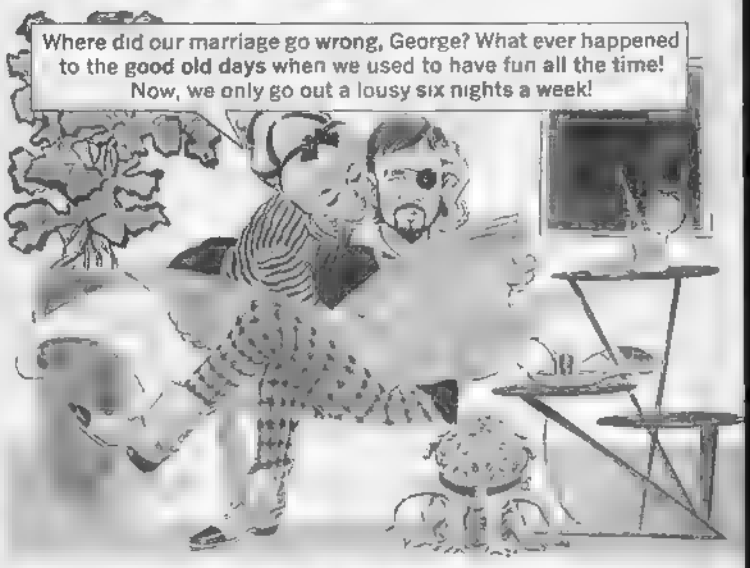
So it's fair to assume that in the future:

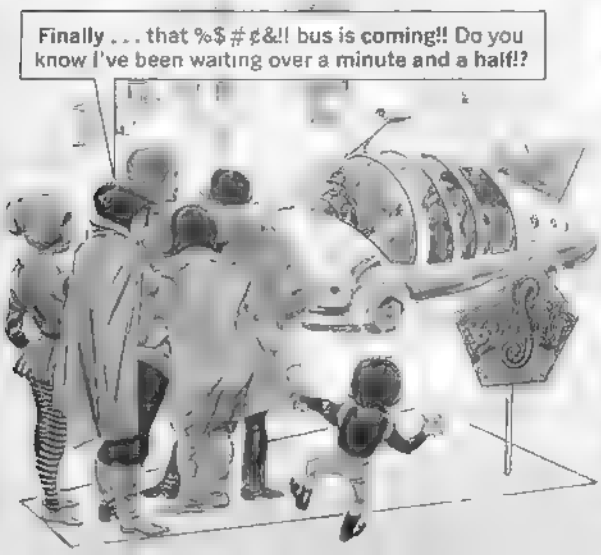


OMPLAINTS

ARTIST:
JOE ORLANDO

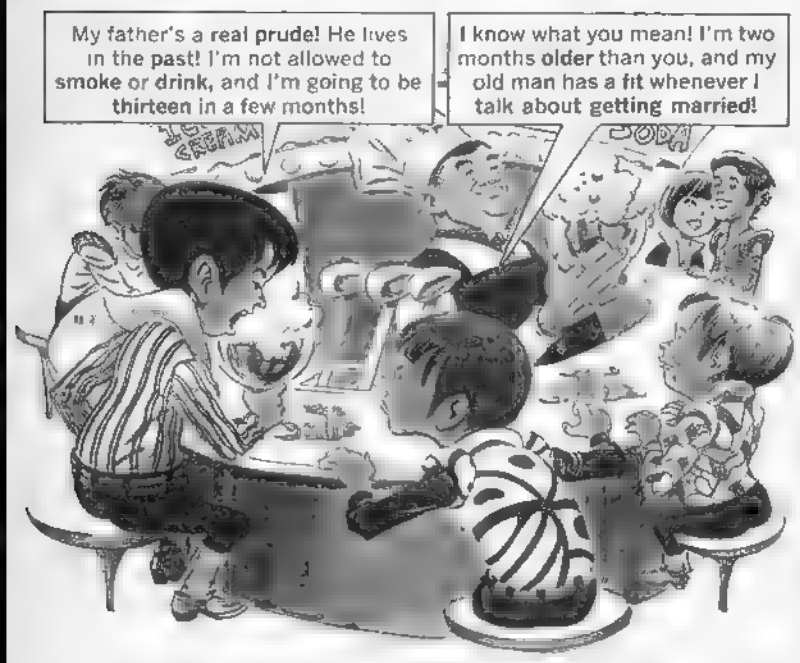
WRITER:
DICK DE BARTOLO

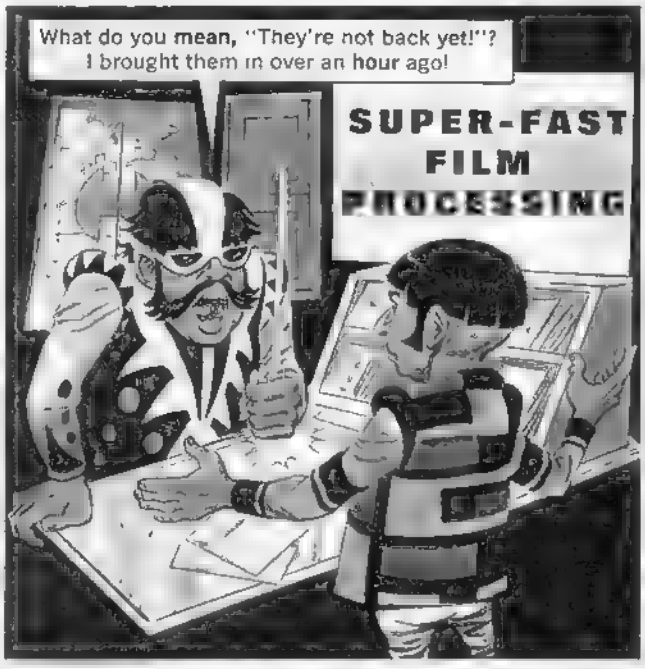


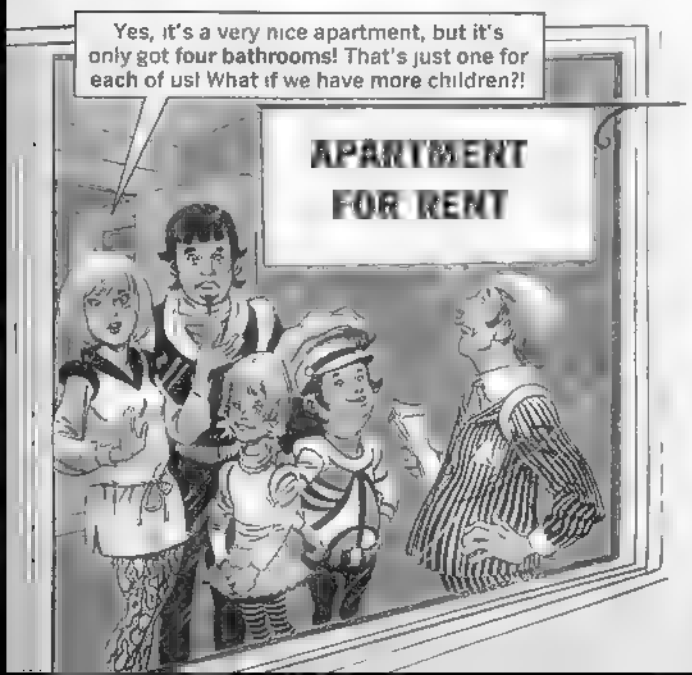


Boy, I wish they'd do something about these endless lines in the Post Office during the Christmas rush!
UNITED STATES POST OFFICE

Here's your allowance!
Big deal! What can I buy with $50.00?!
INCREASE TAXES FOR FOREIGN AID
BAR

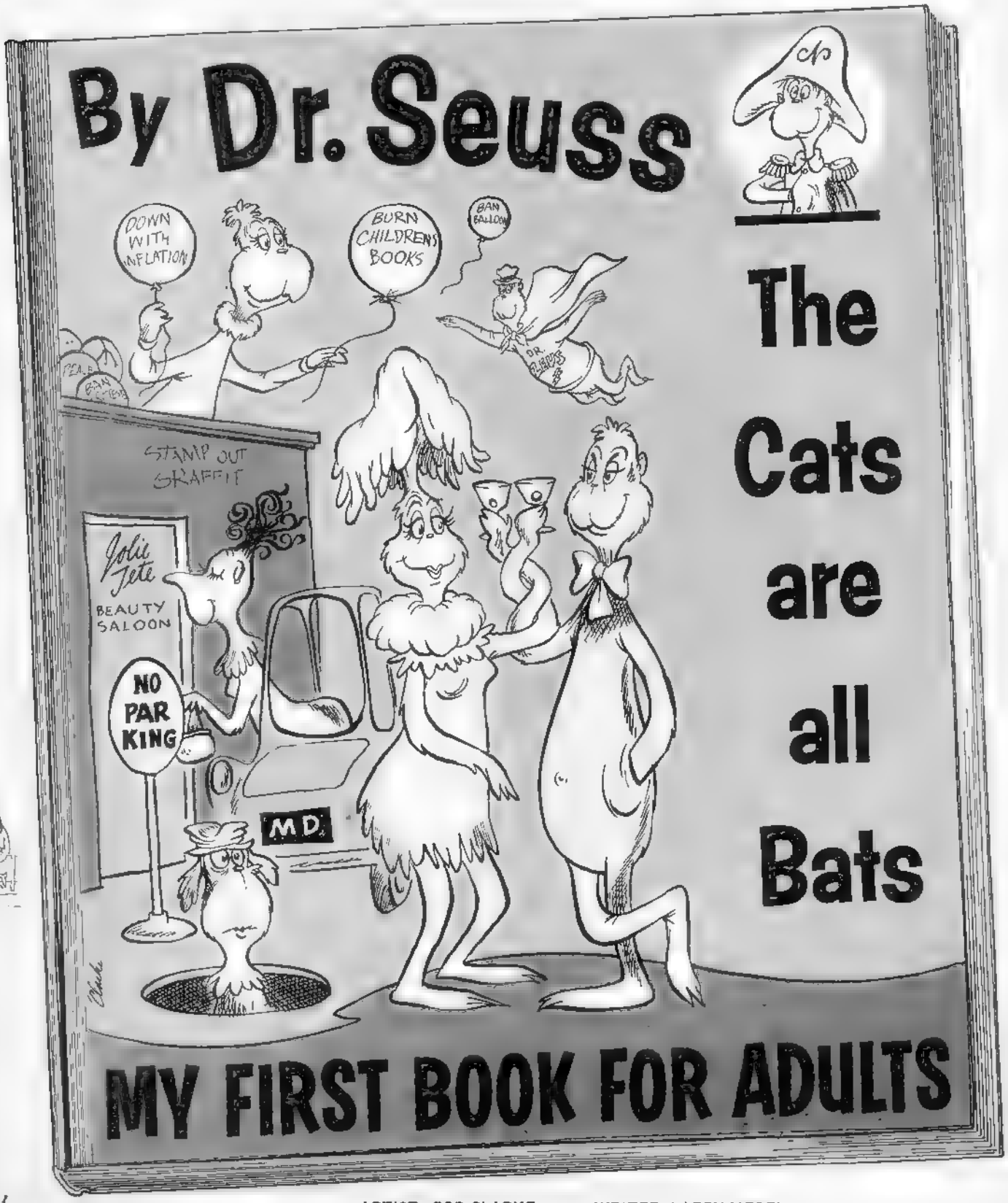

My father's a real prude! He lives in the past! I'm not allowed to smoke or drink, and I'm going to be thirteen in a few months!
I know what you mean! I'm two months older than you, and my old man has a fit whenever I talk about getting married!
ICE CREAM
SODA


What do you mean, "They're not back yet!"? I brought them in over an hour ago!
SUPER-FAST FILM PROCESSING


Yes, it's a very nice apartment, but it's only got four bathrooms! That's just one for each of us! What if we have more children?!
APARTMENT FOR RENT

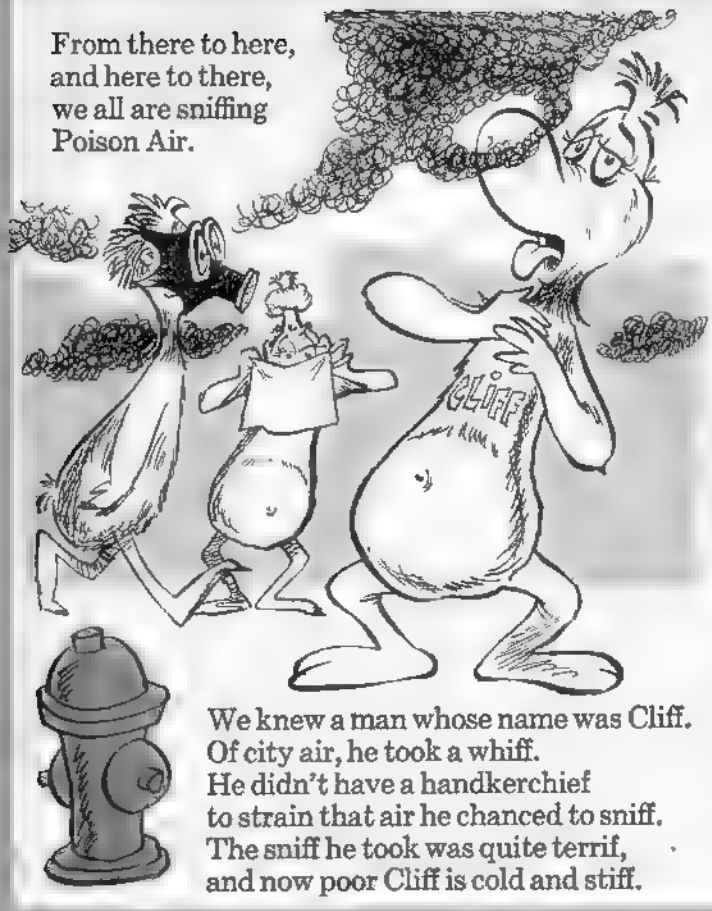
Let's see . . . tonight there's a "live" telecast of a Broadway Show; there's a movie, "My Fair Lady"; there's the first TV transmissions direct from the surface of the Moon; two award-winning documentaries; and the President's "State of the Union" address—
Boy . . . when is television going to improve!?
Joe Orlando

In recent years, some of the most popular books for children have been among the series written and illustrated by Dr. Seuss. Now, as much as we admire Dr. Seuss and his strange looking creatures, his lilting rhymes and his inspired nonsense, we still can't seem to get very excited about "Zeds" and "Gacks" and "Seven-Hump Wumps." We figure it's about time for Dr. Seuss to face reality and turn his talents toward more meaningful stuff. In other words, we'd really like to see something like this . . .



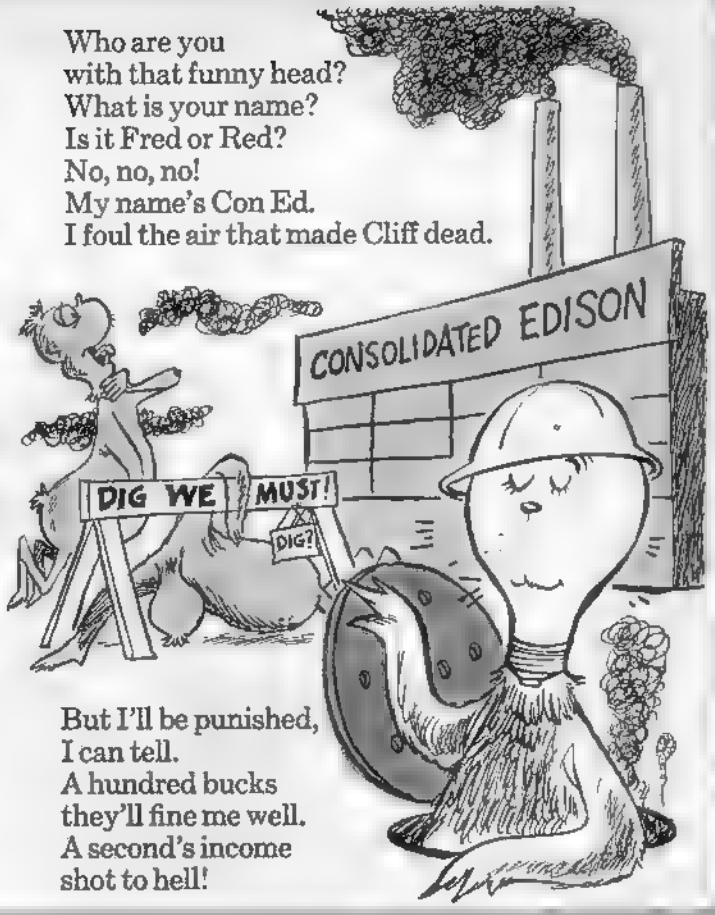
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

From there to here,
and here to there,
we all are sniffing
Poison Air.



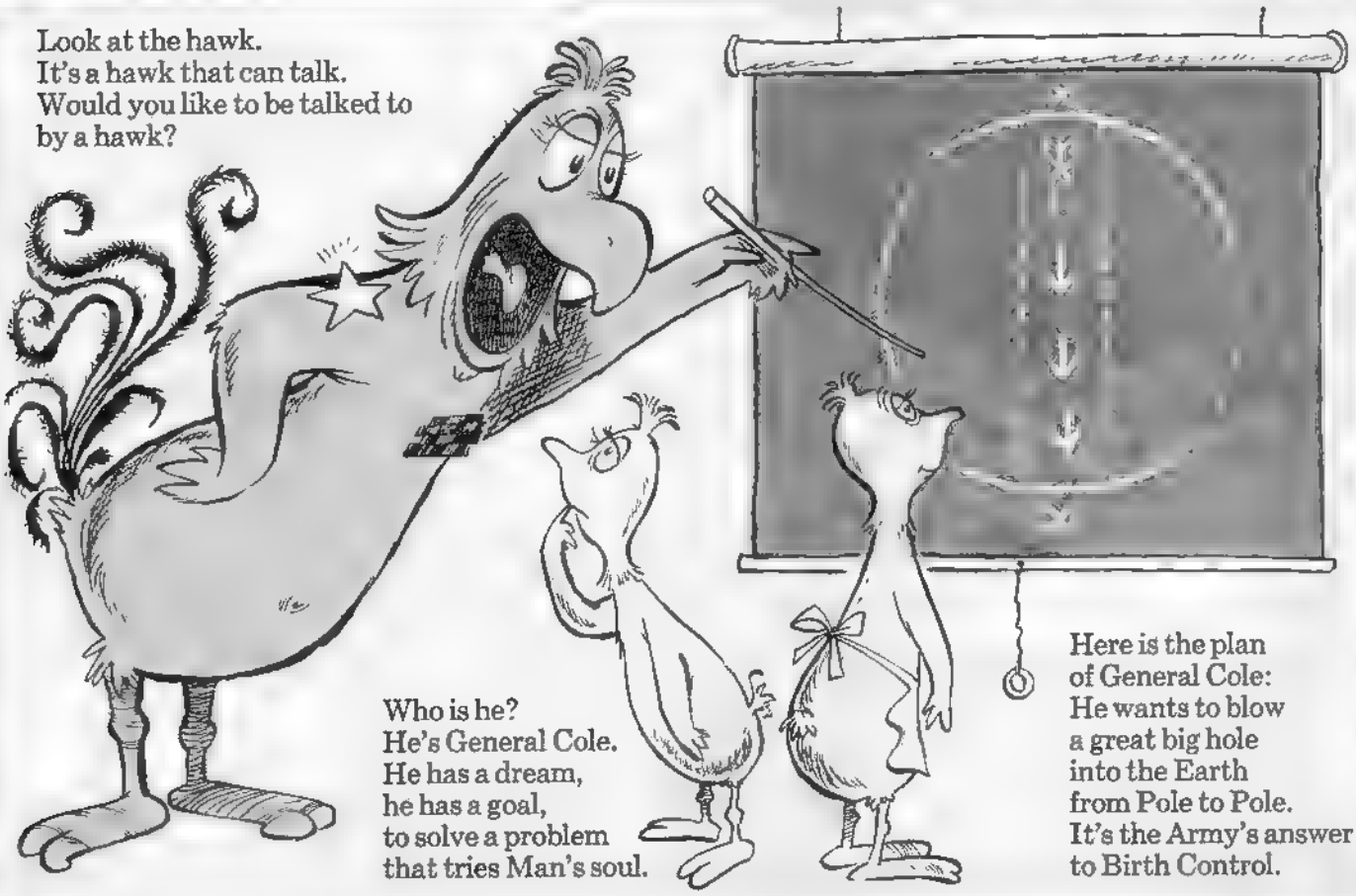
We knew a man whose name was Cliff.
Of city air, he took a whiff.
He didn't have a handkerchief
to strain that air he chanced to sniff.
The sniff he took was quite terrif,
and now poor Cliff is cold and stiff.

Who are you
with that funny head?
What is your name?
Is it Fred or Red?
No, no, no!
My name's Con Ed.
I foul the air that made Cliff dead.



But I'll be punished,
I can tell.
A hundred bucks
they'll fine me well.
A second's income
shot to hell!

Look at the hawk.
It's a hawk that can talk.
Would you like to be talked to
by a hawk?



Who is he?
He's General Cole.
He has a dream,
he has a goal,
to solve a problem
that tries Man's soul.

Here is the plan
of General Cole:
He wants to blow
a great big hole
into the Earth
from Pole to Pole.
It's the Army's answer
to Birth Control.

Up and down,
here and there,
Automation's
everywhere.

We met a man
whose name was Gene.
His Private Sec.
was a machine.
It typed for him
and answered phones,
and sat on his lap
and broke twelve bones.

"Let's wed," Gene said,
"You'll be my wife.
"You're not too soft,
but, well—that's life."

They wed and Gene
came home quite late
(his shirt all smudged)
to an angry mate,
who saw his collar
and began to boil,
and left him, saying
"That's not MY oil!"

Hark! Hark!
There is Clark
in the park.
Clark's in the park
after dark,
and he's being mugged.
What an easy mark!

As Clark yells out,
three cops take flight,
and six other people
run out of sight.

But along comes a man,
whose name is Dunn,
who isn't the kind
to turn and run.
He pitches right in,
kicks Clark in the crotch,
and helps himself
to Clark's Benrus watch.

Said Clark before
his scene dissolved,
"It wasn't much,
but he got involved!"

Say hello
to sweet Annette.
Annette has got
a lovely pet.
That's her pet–
its name's Yvette.

Who needs a Husband
to sit and fret,
to bet and sweat
and make you upset?
And who needs kids
to forget and wet?
Husbands and kids
can be a threat.
Which is why Annette
is in debt to her pet.
Yvette has never
talked back yet.

Each day Annette
will take Yvette
to a Dog Beauty Shop
for a Pet Hair Set
(With a set net, yet!)
And after Yvette
has had her set
Annette will take her
to the Vet.

Tell me, tell me–
How sick can you get?

His name is Bract
and he's got an Act
which is really great,
and that's a fact.

Now Bract can't decide
on a Ted Mack date,
or to run for President
in '68.

Bract stands on his head
with his feet in the air,
and clicks his heels
while he sings, "My Prayer".
Then he clacks three spoons
on the bones of his knee,
while his tongue on his teeth
clucks out "Marie".

We know a punk
whose name is Yunk.
They put him in jail
for killing a Monk.

He wasn't told
by Officer Wunk
to call his lawyer,
Bernie Schtunk.

His legal rights had
therefore shrunk,
so his confession
was deemed "bunk",
and in the street
he went, ker-plunk.

So if you're caught
while pushing "junk",
or stuffing someone
in a trunk,
and you are worried
that you're sunk,
remember the tale
of the punk
named Yunk.

In Winter, Summer,
Fall and Spring,
some funny things
are happening.

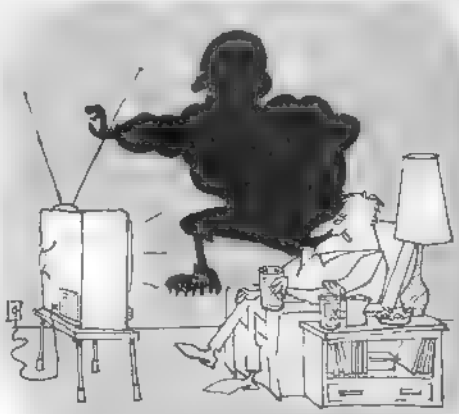
There is this thing:
She's called a Wife.
She loves a Husband
all her life.
There is this Husband
loved by her,
who's bringing her
a fancy fur.

Loving, kissing,
billing, cooing.
Who knows what
they'll soon be doing?
Wife and Husband,
Father and Mother,
both are married–
but not to each other.

WE GOT YOUR PENUMBRA DEPT.

Who Knows What Evils Lurk In

THE SHADOW



The Hearts Of Men?

KNOWS

WRITER & ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

MAD'S "EXIT SHOW"

CLICHÉ MOVIE SCRIPT

OF THE ISSUE

THE "SOCIETY" MOVIE

"I don't know what's gotten into Pamela lately. The girl seems to have lost all sense of propriety. Yesterday, I caught her dancing with the Chauffeur. Imagine that, Laureen! The Chauffeur!"

* * * * * *

"If you must know, Mother, I'm fed up with this life you seem to think is so wonderful. I'm especially fed up with all these useless, empty people who think happiness can be bought with a bank account."

* * * * * *

"Pamela, your mother and I have decided. We're shipping you off to Europe tomorrow. When you've had a few weeks in the sun at Monte Carlo, you'll come to your senses and forget all about this 'taxi-cab' person."

* * * * * *

"Perhaps we've handled this thing all wrong, Laureen. I think it's a good idea to invite this young man to the ball. When she sees how out of place he is among all this, perhaps Pamela will forget that insane idea of hers about moving to Brooklyn."

* * * * * *

". . . and did you see those dreadful people he brought with him? I understand they're his parents! I can't imagine why George and Laureen would permit such a thing!"

* * * * * *

"You needn't worry, Mrs. Smythe-Wellborne, I'll not contaminate your home with my bourgeois presence any longer. As for the check, my feelings for Pamela have no price tag. You couldn't buy them with ALL your millions! Well, how about it, Funny-Face? Are you coming with me?"

* * * * * *

"I don't know, Joe. I need some time . . . to think . . ."

* * * * * *

"Now, now, my little girl. Trust your wise old father just this once. I've lived many more years than you and I know. Someday, you'll be grateful that you made this decision. And as a special surprise for you, I've invited Freddy Van Cleef down for the week-end."

* * * * * *

"There are more important things in life than polo, Freddy. But I don't expect you to understand that. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have an important phone call to make--to a HUMAN BEING--with feelings and emotions. I only hope that he'll talk to me after all the hurt I've caused him."

* * * * * *

"I was praying you'd say that, Pam. It may be rough going at first. You won't have furs and diamonds and servants. But I can promise you one thing: you'll always have my love. Think you can live on that, Honey?"

* * * * * *

"Just try me, Darling!"

* * * * * *

"You know, Laureen, now that I've gotten to know the lad, I find that I like him. He's got some of that old spark--that 'take it with your bare hands' attitude I once had. Maybe we can all learn a thing or two from him. Anyway, that's why I've decided that he's the man to take over my entire organization!"

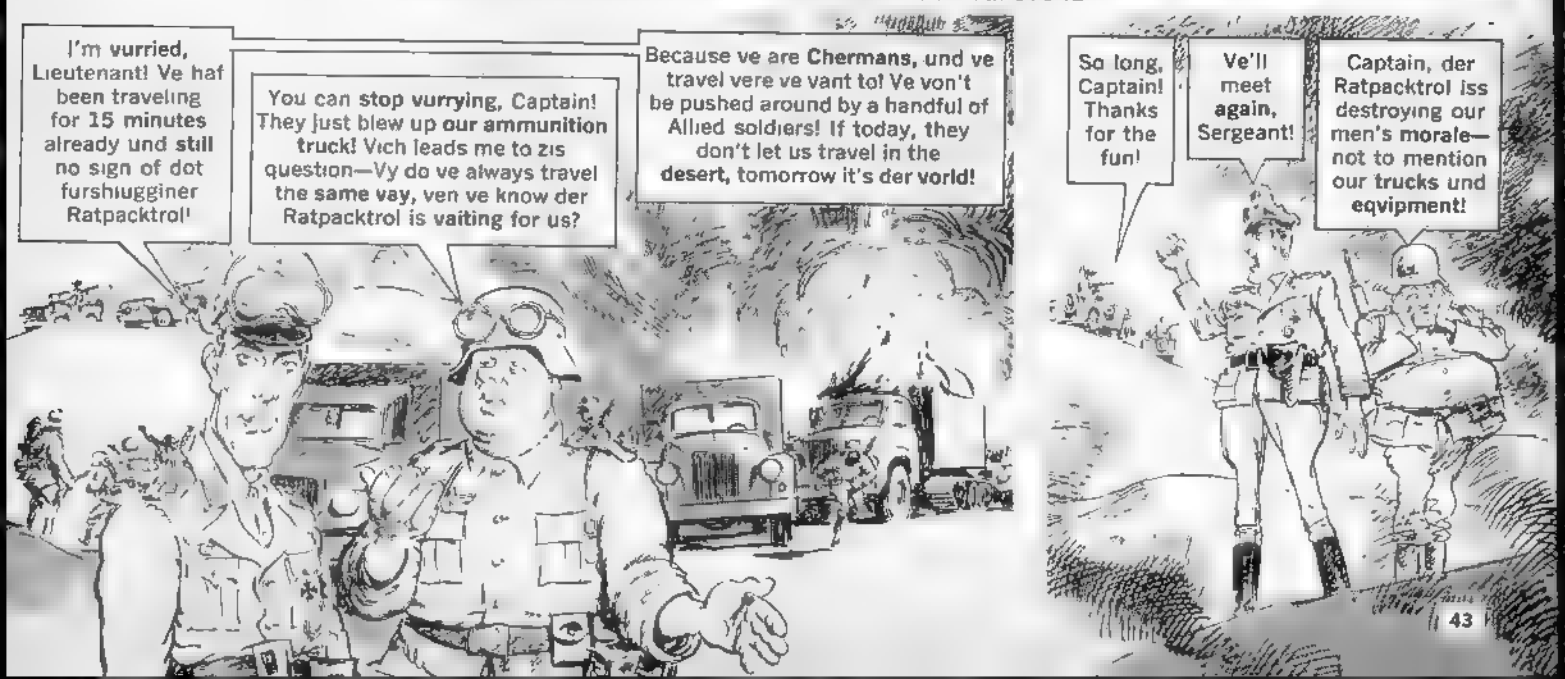
THE END

JEEP THRILL DEPT.

Newton Minow once described Television as a "vast wasteland." And Noah Webster describes a Desert as a "vast wasteland." Put the two of them together — a TV Show about a Desert — and you've got the vastest wasteland of them all — mainly

RATPACKTROL

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



Our troubles are ofer, Lieutenant! I haf sent to Berlin for some new eqvipment vich I belief vill be der solution to our morale problem—

—und here she is now . . .

Hello, boys! My name iss Corporal Buzz Bomb!

Jawohl, mein Captain! You think of everything!

Let's hear it for our vunderful Captain!

Iss he not a sveetie guy?

Ja, he iss a sveetie guy!

Put me down, you schveinhundts! She iss not for you! She iss for the Ratpacktrol!

You know someting, Hans? I tink ve choined der wrong army!

You know someting, Fritz? I tink you're right!

WHAT ABOUT MY BLANKET?

Corporal Bomb vill lead der Ratpacktrol right to ziss spot, from vich zere iss no escape! Und zen, ve vill destroy zem!

Zose lucky guys! Vot a vay to go!

BENGAZI

TOBRUK

KASSERINE PASS

EL AGHEILA

EL ALEMEIN

GUSSET

SIDI MCHER

Hey, Sarge! Isn't it amazing how close we can come to the German camp every week without ever being detected?

Yeah, but there's something funny going on this week! There seems to be only one soldier down there—a weirdly-built Corporal! Let's have your binoculars a minute, Hooch!

I think I've been on the desert too long! Either I'm seeing a mirage—or there's a girl down there!

Maybe it's Florence of Arabia!

Hey! Let me see!

Me first! They're my glasses!

SUN TAN

It IS a girl! I can tell! I saw a picture of one a few years back!

That's what I thought! I'd better go and investigate!

But it might be some sort of trap, Sarge! I'll do it!

No, me! I'll go! They're my glasses!

I'm the Sergeant! I do the dirty jobs around here!

And we do the clean ones—like K.P.!

Hi, handsome soldier! Vot's your name?

Joy—Sergeant Arnold Melvin! Army serial no. 12226626!

Tell me more, Sergeant!

Area code 212! Zip code 10021!

You Americans certainly know how to sweet-talk a girl! I've just fallen in love with you! Which is unfortunate, since I lured you into a trap, and you're all as good as dead!

You were only doing your duty! It's too bad we couldn't have met under better circumstances!

Er—uh—I hate to interrupt, Sarge, but I feel it's my duty to inform you that we are being shot at!

BLAM

WHAM!

It looks like we're really trapped this time, guys! Hooch . here's that 3-day pass you asked for!

Sarge . you re all heart!

Sergeant, as you know I majored in Archaeology at Oxford. If my memory serves me correctly, there is an ancient underground Roman viaduct around here! In fact, it's exactly where that mortar shell hit!

Quick, into the tunnel before the smoke clears!

BAM!

GEORGE JESSEL!

Captain! Captain! Der Ratpacktrol—

Don't bother me now! I am enchoyink ziss too much—ze end of Sgt. Joy und his Rover Boys!

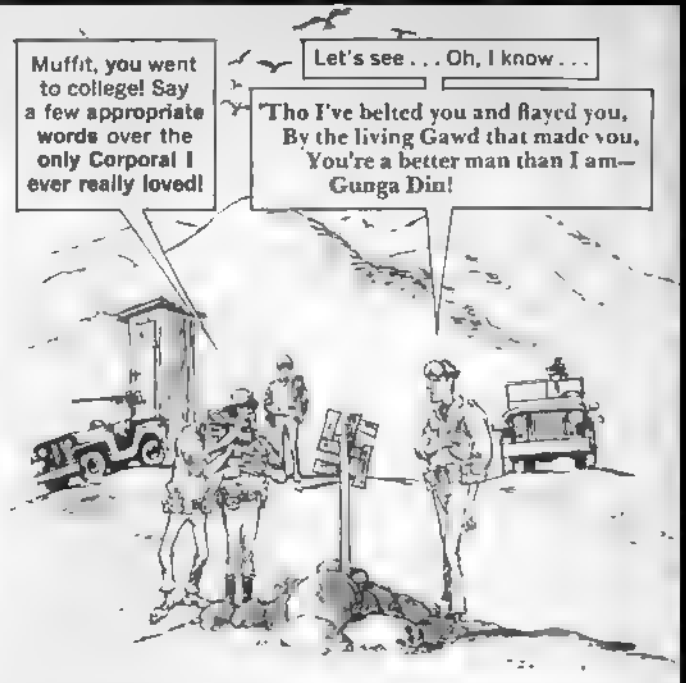
Sorry to disappoint you, Captain!

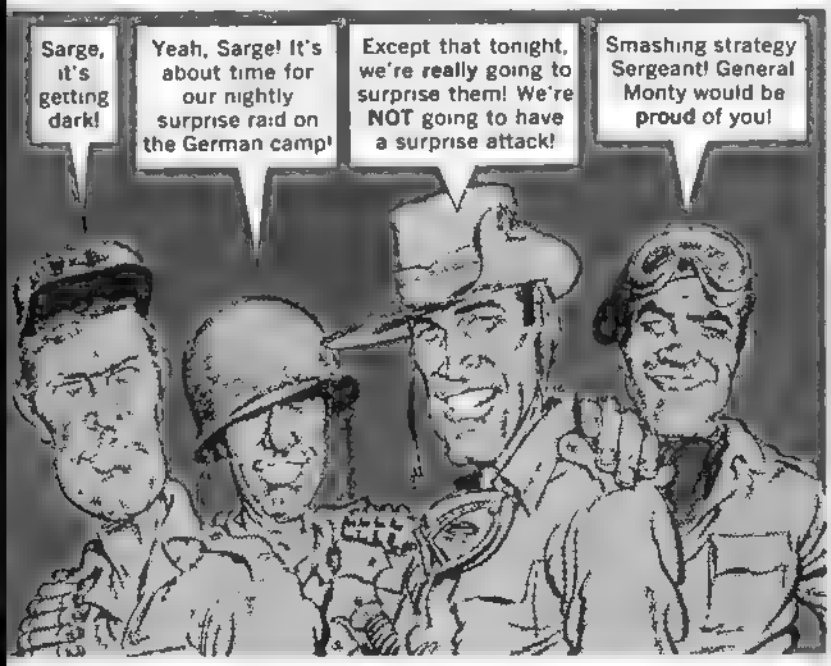
VOT? You escaped mein trap? Impossible!

Dot's vot I vas try nk to tell you, Captain!

Vell, next time you've got sometink to tell me, TELL ME! Now don't just stand zere! SHOOT AT ZEM!!!

Ve got vun, Captain!
Vas it der Sergeant?
No, it vas der girl!
It figures!
BRATATA

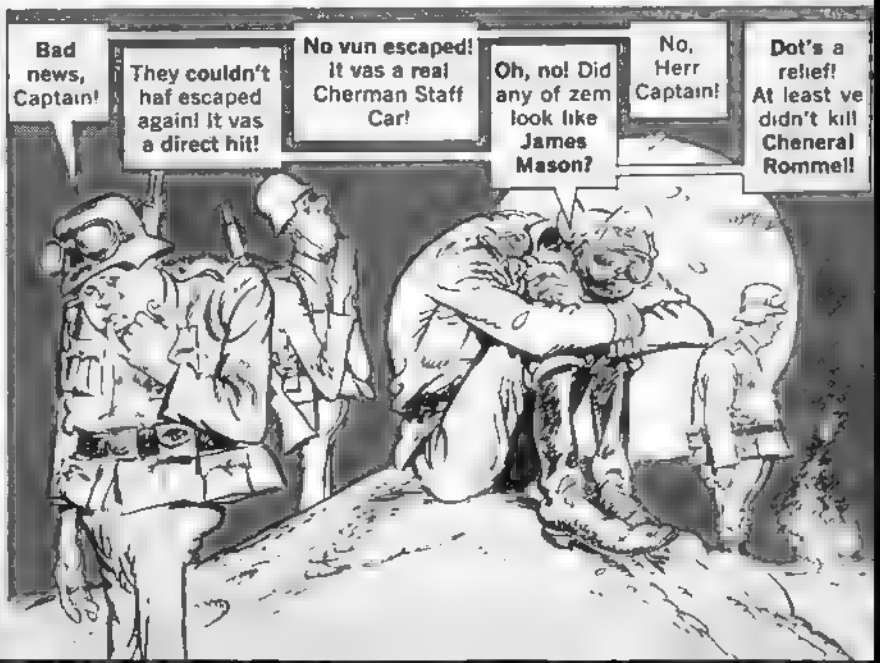

Muffit, you went to college! Say a few appropriate words over the only Corporal I ever really loved!
Let's see . . . Oh, I know . . .
'Tho I've belted you and flayed you, By the living Gawd that made you, You're a better man than I am— Gunga Din!


Sarge, it's getting dark!
Yeah, Sarge! It's about time for our nightly surprise raid on the German camp!
Except that tonight, we're really going to surprise them! We're NOT going to have a surprise attack!
Smashing strategy Sergeant! General Monty would be proud of you!

Captain, it's gettink dark! Almost time for ze Ratpacktrol's nightly surprise attack!
Except zat tonight, ve are goink to surprise ZEM! Tonight, ve are goink to be ready ven zey come!
Brilliant maneuver, Captain! Ze Fuehrer vould be proud of you!

Vehicle approaching, Herr Captain! It iss a Cherman Staff Car!
Zose idiots think zey can fool me vit such an obvious disguise! FIRE!

WHAM!


Bad news, Captain!
They couldn't haf escaped again! It vas a direct hit!
No vun escaped! It vas a real Cherman Staff Car!
Oh, no! Did any of zem look like James Mason?
No, Herr Captain!
Dot's a relief! At least ve didn't kill Cheneral Rommel!

I say, chaps! Today is Captain Marlene's **birthday!** It says so right here in this **record book** I stole from their **camp** on last night's raid!

I'll bet they give him a **party** with **booze** and **broads** and **everything!** Man, how I'd love to **be** there!

Maybe you **will!** It would be a perfect time for a **surprise raid!** And after all, we gotta give him **something** for his birthday!

Vait, Captain! Before you blow out der candles, **make a vish!**

I vish I could get mein hands on der **Ratpacktrol!**

Your wish came true, Captain! **Happy Birthday!**

All right! Everybody clasp your hands over your heads and **start marching!** We're taking a little **trip!**

Party-poopers!

General, we've captured **Captain Marlene!** We've got him **outside!**

You **idiot!** Don't you realize what you've **done?** Orderly, read the **German casualty lists** since Marlene has been in charge here—

795 killed, 1148 wounded, 45 missing, 67 captured! Plus a loss of 79 tanks, 87 trucks, 18 half-tracks and 40 crates of knockwurst!

Our losses read as follows: **none** killed, **none** wounded, **none** missing, **none** captured, 1 case of athlete's feet, 2 mild sunburns, 2 flat tires and one dented jeep . . .

UNFAIR BRITISH ARMY

It's because of Marlene's **incompetence** that we're **winning** this desert war with just a handful of men! Now **get him back to the German lines at once!**

But what if they won't **take** him back!

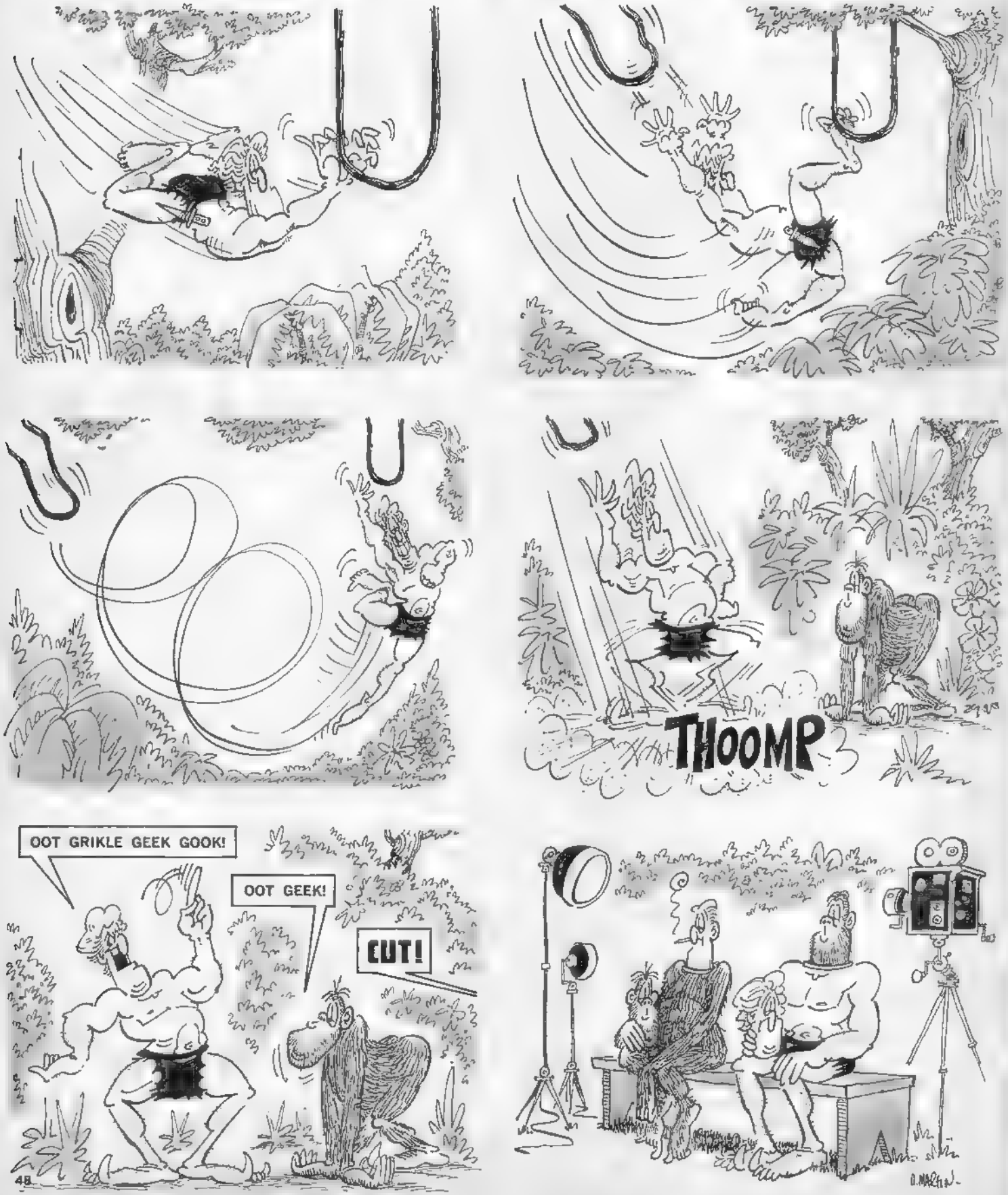
If that happens, **PRIVATE Joy,** I'll make it so rough on you, you'll wish you never were **born!** First, I'll assign you **more men** to make the impossible odds against a full German regiment **more balanced!** Then I'll send you **more equipment, more supplies, more ammo . . .**

THIS TV PROGRAM IS
UNFAIR
TO THE
BRITISH ARMY
by giving the impression that Americans won the battle of North Africa all by themselves

No, no! Please, sir! Anything but that! We'll get him back— I swear!

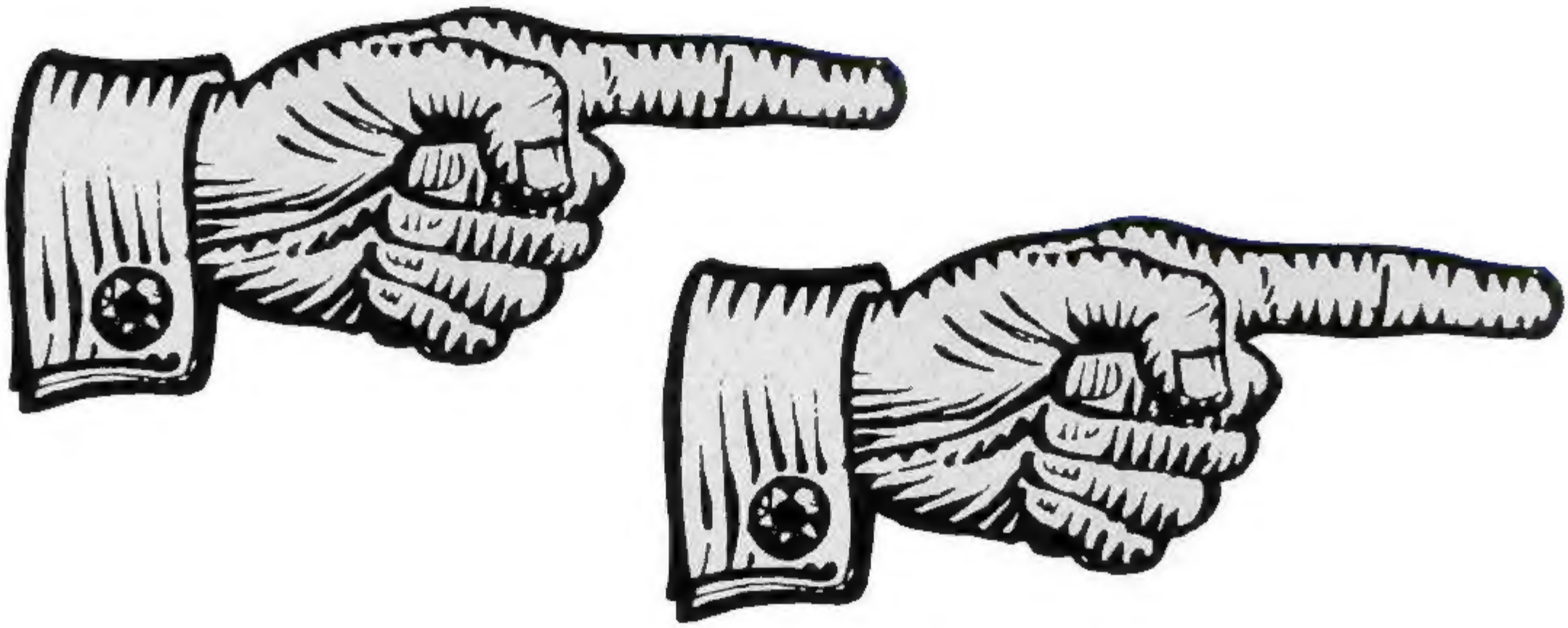
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ON THE "TARZAN" SET



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT IS THE ONLY WAY TO BEAUTIFY AMERICA?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

We are all aware of the current drive to beautify America. After looking at what has happened in the last several hundred years, we've come to the conclusion that there's only one way to do the job right! Fold page in as shown—and find out how!

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

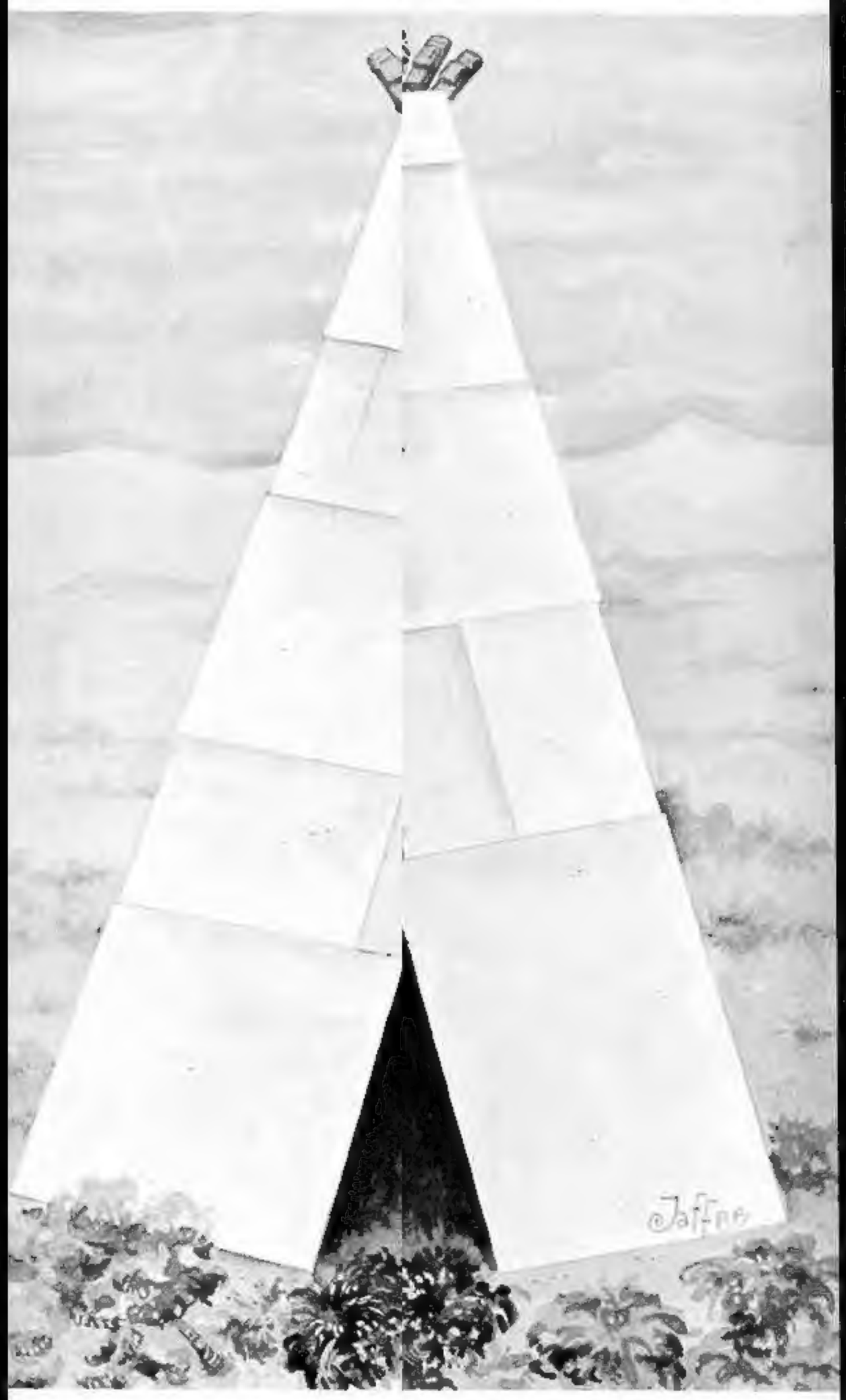
GIGANTIC DRIVES AGAINST BLIGHT ARE SORELY NEEDED TO HAVE IT BANISHED FROM OUR LAND. EVERY PERSON MUST JOIN THE ATTACK TO ELIMINATE THIS TERRIBLE PROBLEM. WE'VE GOT TO AROUSE THE INDIFFERENT OFFICIALS WHO ALLOW TOWNS TO BECOME GARBAGE CANS

A ▸ ◂ B

WHAT IS THE ONLY WAY TO BEAUTIFY AMERICA?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A| ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



GIVE IT
BACK
TO THE
INDIANS
A▶◀B

MAD's Great Moments In Advertising

THE DAY THE *"SHOW US YOUR 'LARK' PACK"* CAMERA CREW PASSED THE WRONG GROUP OF SMOKERS

Photography by Irving Schild